The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

As various rumours have been circulated about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's action against Messrs. Putnam, it may be as well to say that the action is not withdrawn, and that Mr. Kipling, as at present advised, fully intends to go on with it.

We understand that the supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography will consist of only two volumes, bringing up the work to 1900. It is expected that they will be completed and published in the early part of next year. There is a rumour, which we believe to be well founded, that Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. are contemplating a condensed edition of the book in one large volume. We earnestly trust that this idea will be carried out. Such a book would be an inestimable boon to literary men everywhere, and would in no way supersede the great Dictionary. It is gratifying to know that the Dictionary continues to sell steadily, although it will be a long time before the sales overtake the expenses. Mr. George Smith's heroic enterprise has not yet been sufficiently recognised.

No fewer than three important works on the history of English Literature are now in active progress. One is the new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature, for which it is understood the Shakespearian part has been undertaken by Mr. Sidney Lee. Of the two others it would be somewhat premature to speak, but by autumn at least we hope to be free to give full particulars. It is a sign of the times that illustrations will play a great part in each of those works.

Mr. John Morley is busily engaged in preparing his life of Oliver Cromwell for publication in the autumn. He has had in revision the assistance of that well-known specialist, Mr. A. W. Pollard. The book, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, is to be very fully and elaborately illustrated.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has in preparation a work on "Our Merchantmen," which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. He is also preparing the story of his religious experiences. They will first appear in the *British Weekly*, and will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton under the title, "With Christ at Sea."

A brother of Miss Mary Kingsley's has gone out to Simon's Town to make inquiry into the circumstances of her regretted death. Only three days before she died Miss Kingsley wrote home an entertaining letter, in which, however, there was information that her health was suffering. Miss Kingsley, who had a private income of about £300 or £400 a year, has left a quantity of memoranda, and it is a source of great regret to her relatives that one who had done so much to preserve the literary character of the name should not rest with the departed members of the family at Highgate.

There is to be yet another great edition of Shakespeare under the editorial charge of a literary man who has recently won his spurs in the Shakespearian field.

Miss Edith Fowler is busy on her new novel, which will appear serially in the *Woman at Home*, and will be published subsequently by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton's new novel will not be ready for publication in the autumn.

The Century Co. are to produce Mr. Whiteing's articles on Paris which are now appearing in the *Century* in a very sumptuous volume, which they hope to have ready in time for the Christmas season. The illustrations will probably be printed in two or three colours.

Mr. Anthony Hope has written three new "Dolly Dialogues," which will be published towards the end of the year in this country in the *Westminster Gazette*. In America they will appear simultaneously in Mr. Russell's new magazine.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill's greatest literary undertaking, an annotated edition of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, is in progress.

We are very glad to hear that there is to be an adequate memorial to the Rev. Whitwell Elwin. This will be executed under the care of his friend Dr. Norman Moore, who wrote the memorial article in the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Elwin's fine literary studies in the *Quarterly* are greatly prized by students, and a selection from them should prove a book of permanent value.

Mr. Thomas Seccombe, whose admirable book, "The Age of Johnson," was reviewed in our columns by Dr. Garnett, is now preparing a book for the same series on "The Age of Shakespeare."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue in the autumn the new volume of poems by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

It is stated on good authority that Mr. J. M. Barrie has two plays ready for publication, and is engaged upon a third.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. S. R. Crockett has

now practically recovered from the series of chills from which he has been suffering, and that he is now at work again on a new novel, which we understand will first see the light in the *Graphic*. Some of Mr. Crockett's most popular novels have first appeared in the *Graphic*, amongst them "The Red Axe" and "The Grey Man."

Mr. Crockett's popularity in America seems to show no abatement; indeed, all present indications point to it being on the increase. We hear that no less than 10,000 copies of his new novel, "Little Anna Mark," were called for before publication. By the bye, "Little Anna Mark" is entitled "The Isle of the Winds" in America.

Mr. Daniel Frohman has made arrangements with Mr. Stanley Weyman to produce a dramatised version of his new novel "Sophia." As at present arranged, the play will be produced during the forthcoming autumn season, probably in the first instance in New York.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Richard Whiteing appears at last to be getting over his recent very serious illness. He is now able to be up for a short time each day, and is hoping soon to be able to get away for a change of air.

Mr. R. H. Russell, the well-known New York publisher, is over here just now collecting matter for the new magazine which, in conjunction with Mr. Hearst of the *Journal*, he is to commence publishing in New York in November next. We understand that there will be no English edition of this magazine, at any rate at first.

Mr. Munsey is said to be meditating the publication of his magazine in this country on a large scale, and to be about to establish a large plant with a view to manufacturing it on this side.

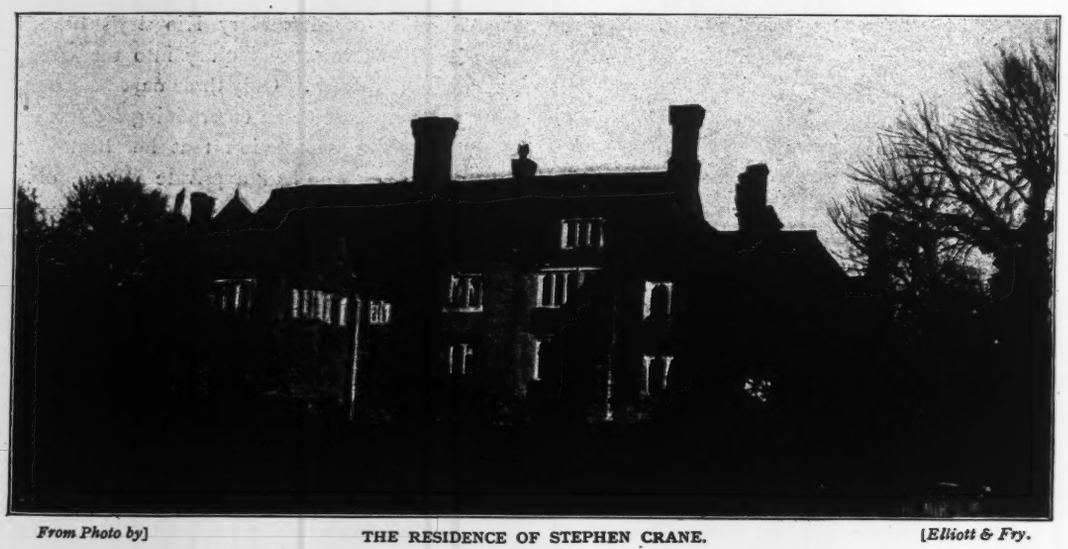
Amongst new periodicals shortly to be issued in this country, we hear of a new magazine for ladies to be published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson.

Mr. G. S. Layard has recently completed a Life of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, which promises to be one of the most interesting biographies which will be issued this autumn. It will be enriched with many illustrations.

Messrs. Methuen are about to issue in their Novelist series a sixpenny edition of Mr. Anthony Hope's popular novel, "A Man of Mark."

Mr. Hawkins' dramatisation of his novel, "Simon Dale," is, we hear, now in active rehearsal, and will, as at present arranged, be produced in the early autumn. Miss Marie Tempest will play the leading part.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton is completing a Life of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the actor. It will be published by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.



From Photo by] THE RESIDENCE OF STEPHEN CRANE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The "War" books have gone quite flat in America. There is now practically no sale there for any of them. In most cases the first sales have been singularly disappointing.

Sir Walter Besant is to write of "Christmas in Old London" for one of the magazines.

Mr. Frankfort Moore is one of the authors who boldly declares that he never takes any exercise. This mode of life, he says, keeps him in better health than any other.

The new Maeterlinck book, translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro, is now promised definitely for the autumn.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has written a series of Jacobite stories for *Cassell's Magazine*.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge's new story, called "A Breaker of Laws" (the story of a London criminal), will be published in the early autumn.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is setting about a new play for Mr. Frohman. In America Mr. Jerome's dramatic efforts have brought in more money than those offered to the United States by Mr. Pinero.

Mr. Robert Barr has been taking charge of some of the wounded Canadian volunteers at his house in Surrey, where they are being nursed through their convalescence.

Some facts so curious as to seem well-nigh incredible, were they not supported by exact references to existing documents, are communicated by a subject of the Czar to the June number of the *Mercure de France*, in illustration of the exuberant vitality of the Russian Censure. Under the comparatively liberal sway of Alexander II. the time-honoured institution seemed languishing; the powers entrusted to the literary inquisitors were at any rate

leniently exercised. But after his assassination on 1st March, 1881, a new era of inquisitorial activity commenced. The newspapers, as might be expected, were the first victims. Hitherto the mode of proceeding against the journals had been to a large extent impersonal. For a slight indiscretion the diurnal issue of a paper was seized and destroyed, and the sale of the organ prohibited in the streets for a few days. For a graver fault the paper was docked of all its advertisements for a specified time in weeks or months, or its issue might be suspended for a period of a few months. In cases of repeated delinquency, after three warnings of a formal character, the journal might be suppressed. After 1881 these methods of procedure were reinforced by others of a more drastic kind. The editor of a paper was made personally responsible to the Censure and liable to be summoned before the Council of that body for the least deviation from the path of official journalistic propriety. Editors were further rendered liable to be disqualified in perpetuity from holding any editorial position on the press.

The embargo upon advertisements administered a quietus to one obnoxious paper after another, and the officials soon found time to devote their serious attention to a campaign against those licentious books which the laxity of previous administrators had allowed to invade the soil of Holy Russia. The meshes of inspection were drawn a good deal closer, and, as a precautionary measure, some 170 works which had hitherto been tolerated were ignominiously banished from all public libraries.

From Photo by] STEPHEN CRANE. *Elliott & Fry.*

The publication of the sixty-third and last volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" at the end of June is to be marked by a presentation of plate to Mr. Sidney Lee, who has been on the staff of the work from its inception some eighteen years since, first as assistant editor, and subsequently from 1890 to 1900 as editor. A very large number

From Photo by] MISS MARY KINGSLEY. *[A. King.*

of artificers have contributed the 30,000 bricks in the shape of articles that have gone to make up the edifice. The credit of the original design is due to Mr. George Smith and to Mr. Leslie Stephen; but for the last ten years at least the responsibility for the structure has fallen upon Mr. Sidney Lee. Some 185 of the contributors, including many prominent men of letters, have now expressed their desire "to make some acknowledgment of the tact and kindness with which, in addition to his skill as editor, Mr. Sidney Lee has carried through his arduous task, and to assure him of the cordial feeling with which they regard him."

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 21ST TO JUNE 20TH, 1900.

The improvement in the book trade noted in last month's report has been sustained during the present month. There is of course somewhat of a slackness after the spring season, but the war does not now monopolise the market, and the trade appears to be resuming somewhat normal conditions. Among the books issued relating to the South African campaign there are perhaps two which call for special notice, "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism" by J. Scoble and H. R. Abercrombie, and "An Absent-Minded War" by a British officer. The former volume, uniform with "The Transvaal from Within," has not approached its pendant in the extent of its hold upon the public, although it has attained a wide circulation. The latter volume has attracted a great deal of attention, and has been in constant demand.

In biography, Sir Joseph Fayrer's "Recollections of My Life," has proved very successful.

Fiction, in the form of the 6s. novel, has received quite a number of new additions, many of them being by already

popular authors. There are, however, some of the older volumes which seem to rise superior to rivalry and enjoy a perpetual sunshine of popularity. Among the most recent arrivals are "Boy" by Marie Corelli, "Voices in the Night" by F. A. Steel, "The Sword of the King" by R. Macdonald, "Ada Vernham" by Richard Marsh, "Love and Mr. Lewisham" by H. G. Wells, and "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest" by Sir H. Maxwell.

The Temple Encyclopædic Primers have sold freely; they cover a wide range of subjects, and appeal to an extensive circle of readers.

There have been several works on the subject of Army Reform, more or less sought after, but there are none at present which call for special mention.

Guide books have certainly not been much in request this season, and although there are several attractive handbooks to Paris and the Exhibition, the sales have in no way reached expectations.

General Baden-Powell has been much before the public in the reissue of his works, "The Matabele Campaign" and "The Downfall of Prempeh" as sixpenny reprints; both have sold freely. Among other additions to this class are "A Bid for Fortune" by Guy Boothby, and "A Squatter's Dream" by Rolf Boldrewood.

Magazine literature shows no sign of diminution. There are no fresh rivals for fame, but the sales of the existing issues still continue to be a prominent feature in the trade and entail a large amount of manual labour.

The subjoined is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month :—

The Rise and Fall of Krugerism. By Scoble and Abercrombie. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
An Absent-minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (J. Milne.)
Voices in the Night. By Flora A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Ada Vernham, Actress. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (J. Long.)
Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Debts of Honour. By Maurus Jokai. 6s. (Jarrold.)
The Person in the House. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest. By Sir H. Maxwell. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Sword of the King. By R. Macdonald. 6s. (J. Murray.)
By Order of the Company. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
Bequeathed. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Recollections of My Life. By Sir Joseph Fayrer. 21s. (W. Blackwood.)
Popular History of the Church of England. By Bishop W. Boyd-Carpenter. 6s. (J. Murray.)
Kirk's Papers on Health. 2s. (Simpkin.)
Fruitfulness. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Downfall of Prempeh. By Baden-Powell. 6d. (Methuen.)
The Matabele Campaign, 1896. By Baden-Powell. 6d. (Methuen.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 26—Steady in all departments.
June 2—Quite up to the average in home departments, somewhat slacker in Colonial and Foreign.
" 9—Quieter, but satisfactory. Better in Foreign.
" 16—Rather slack all round.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 21ST TO JUNE 20TH, 1900.

With the advent of summer the trade became brisker, and orders were readily taken from the more popular season resorts. A good business was done in guide-books, two-shilling novels, and sixpenny reprints. Many six-shilling novels, which had not received attention owing to the demand for war-books, were readily sold.

With the exception of Churchill's "London to Ladysmith," "Four Months Besieged" by Pearse, and the reprints of Baden-Powell's "Matabele Campaign" and "Downfall of Prempeh," war publications were not much in request, even military biographies were sparingly bought, and illustrated papers also declined in circulation.

A very considerable trade was done in school prize-books and juvenile gift-books. Several leading publishing houses were very successful in meeting this class of business.

The most prominent six-shilling novels were "Voices of the Night," by Flora A. Steel; "Boy," by Marie Corelli; and the last published work by Miss Fowler—"The Farringdons."

Quite a large number of novels at three shillings and sixpence met with considerable favour, of which the following were the principal:—"Purple Robe," by Joseph Hocking; "Three Men on the Bummel," by Jerome; "Burden Bearers," by A. Swan; and "The Young Dragon," by Sarah Tytler.

Of interest to his many admirers was "The Life of D. L. Moody," and as a record of the late Mr. Steevens' impressions of men and things, the volume "Things Seen," with a memoir by Mr. Henley, claimed attention.

The sixpenny novel made up a large part of the volume of business done. The following five of those reprints were specially successful and moved off in large numbers:—"A Bid for Fortune," by Guy Boothby; "Ladies' Paradise," by Zola; "Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle; "Army Society," by Strange Winter; and "Deeds that Won the Empire," by Fitchett.

Amongst local publications Nelson's Century Library continued to have a very steady sale, and in the "Famous Scots," the two last published volumes, "The Erskines" and "Dr. Guthrie," maintained the interest in the series.

Ward and Lock's two-shilling novels with pictorial covers and Nat Gould's sporting works sold well.

As usual, at this season, from all the picturesque and historical parts of Scotland there were issued guide-books for tourists, and these had special attention.

The magazine trade very much improved, and many of the monthlies, which had been seriously affected by war publications, regained their circulation.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

London to Ladysmith. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
Four Months Besieged. By Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The War in South Africa. By Holson. 2s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
Mr. Moody's Life. 10s. 6d. (Morgan and Scott.)
Things Seen. By the late G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood.)
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Boy. By M. Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Voices of the Night. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Minx. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Nell Gwyn, Comedian. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Pearson.)
Nude Souls. By B. Swift. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Kiddy. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The West End. By P. White. 6s. (Sands.)
Burden Bearers. By A. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Fruitfulness. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Three Men on the Bummel. By Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
The Purple Robe. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
Young Dragon. By Sarah Tytler. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

And a large number of Sixpenny Reprints and Guide-Books for Tourists.

The Reader.

PUNCH AS A LITERARY CHRONICLER.*

MR. PUNCH is a man of many humours, making appeal to all his readers in their many moods, and in the pages of these first fifty years the man of letters will find much amusement, much interest, and not a little instruction. Not only are they often intrinsically valuable as literature, but *Punch's* attitude to literary movements and to writers of the day is in itself well worthy of study. The history of *Punch* and its contributors has been so fully and so ably treated by Mr. Spielmann that it is unnecessary to attempt here any survey of the famous authors who have contributed to its columns, or to sketch its literary history. Our object is rather to pass in review for the entertainment and instruction of bookmen some phases of Mr. Punch's work as Literary Chronicler.

An initial of "Our Booking Office."

As we turn these pages so full of good things, the first thought that comes home to us is that if Mr. Punch's *baton* still deals blows as powerful as ever it did, its strokes are now more mannerly than of yore. In this matter as elsewhere he mirrors the changes which have come to critical literature with the passing years. When in 1841 Mr. Punch made his first bow to the public his young men both with pen and pencil did not hesitate to express themselves forcibly and sometimes almost brutally. For certain writers *Punch* seems to have entertained a particular dislike. Harrison Ainsworth was one of these unfortunates; nothing that he did was right. He could scarcely write a line without calling down on his head a shower of caustic ridicule; the mere fact that he had his portrait painted served as a peg for pleasantry. Another butt was Lord Lytton, on whom Tom Taylor delivered his famous onslaught in an early volume. Lytton had announced that his new work "Zanoni" was not meant for the "common herd," upon which Mr. Punch comments:—"It's all very well to talk of the 'common herd,' and say it 'was not meant for them,' with a curl of your fine lip; but you know it was meant for everybody who could pay . . . for a perusal of the volumes,—and very popular it has been, especially with ladies' maids and milliners," and further on: "It is all very well to put off a clever pinchbeck imitation for gold—we grant the skill of the workmanship and the workman—but it is too bad to insist on our acknowledging it to be genuine gold, and to call us 'common herd' when we give you a sturdy 'no.'" A very sturdy "no" certainly, but not so severe a handling as that given to the noble author by Tennyson, who, it will be remembered, replied to Lytton's sarcastic reference to "school-miss Alfred" venting her chaste delight on "drawing-rooms so warm and bright" with the famous verses "The New Timon and the Poets" (*Punch*, vol. x., p. 103).

IBSEN IN BRIXTON.

Mrs. Harris: "Yes, William, I've thought a deal about it, and I find I'm nothing but your doll and dickey-bird, and so I'm going!"—*Punch*, May 2, 1891.

* "The First Fifty Years of *Punch*, 1841 to 1891, and the History of *Punch*." By M. H. Spielmann. Issued by the *Times*.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

Thrums on an Old String by J. Muir Kirrie.

"A TIMON, you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest."

This crushing rejoinder, as Mr. Spielmann points out, was cordially welcomed by Thackeray and the rest of the staff, who loved to castigate the fopperies of the conceited poetaster, and Lytton, it is said, was not a little astonished at the virility of "school-miss Alfred." But Tennyson's anger soon cooled; perhaps his conscience smote him; for the very next week he toned down the savagery of his first verses in an "Afterthought," in which he said:

"And *I* too talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl."

Eventually, it is pleasant to note, all the parties in the quarrel became friends, and the *bâton* was buried between them.

Another *Punch* butt was Samuel Carter Hall, who

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Trio: "O bless you, gentlemen, whose looks
Are very far from frowning,
Pay cash and buy the latest books
Of Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning."—*Punch*, Dec. 27, 1884.

THE SECRETS OF LITERARY COMPETITION.

The fair authoress of "Passionate Pauline," gazing fondly at her own reflection, writes as follows :—

"I look into the glass, Reader. What do I see?

"I see a pair of laughing, *espiègle*, forget-me-not blue eyes, saucy and defiant, a *mutine* little rosebud of a mouth, with its ever mocking *moue*, a tiny shell-like ear, trying to play hide and seek in a tangled maze of rebellious russet gold, while from underneath the satin folds of a *rose-thé* dressing gown, a dainty foot peeps coyly forth in the exquisitely-pointed gold morocco slipper," etc., etc. (*Vide* "Passionate Pauline," by Parbleu).—*Punch*, Jan. 24, 1891.

was designated as "Pecksniff," whose art union became the Pecksniffery, and whose catch phrase of appealing to hand, head, and heart was reduced to gloves, hat, and waistcoat. Carlyle, too, came in for a resounding thwack from *Punch*, who denounced "Latter Day Pamphlets" as "mere barking and froth." But, perhaps, the most famous of all *Punch's* literary animosities was that excited by Alfred Bunn. Bunn, whose claims to literary excellence were indeed infinitesimal, proved a thorn in *Punch's* side, for after enduring six years of the most persistent and sarcastic attacks he hit back, and in "A Word with *Punch*" (which by the way was illustrated by Sala, afterwards a contributor to *Punch's* column) hit so hard that in future he was not molested.

Let us turn to *Punch* in his more happy moods. A glance at the leading cartoons shows the reader at once that *Punch* has always made remarkably successful use of literary quotations and literary personages for illustrating contemporary history. It is striking to notice that it is apparently only in two English authors, Shakespeare and Dickens, that *Punch* has found characters which would be generally known to the public and likely to convey a definite meaning. Other authors who have yielded characters and quotations for famous cartoons are: Sheridan, Stevenson, "Uncle Remus," and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has more than once been pictured with great effect.

"Towards writers of fiction Mr. *Punch* has ever taken up the attitude of mentor, and has emphasised his teachings by using the gentle art of parody to excellent purpose. Thackeray's contributions to these volumes were not only large in quantity but admirable in quality, and perhaps no comic journal in the world can boast of such work as "The Snobs of England" and *Punch's* "Prize Novelists."

Perhaps the most successful parody that *Punch* ever contained was Mr. Burnand's "Mokeanna." The first page of *Punch* for February 21st, 1863, came as a shock to many people, including the proprietors, for the parody appeared exactly like a stray leaf from the *London Journal*. Thackeray was supposed to have perpetrated the burlesque imitation, but as a matter of fact the idea was entirely Mr. Burnand's, who communicated with Mark Lemon, and arranged to keep the matter an entire secret, except from those who had to illustrate the story. The joke caught on as it deserved to do. The artists fell in with the spirit of the jest in imitation of Sir John Gilbert, who drew the first picture for Mokeanna, burlesquing his own style. Phiz, Charles Keen, George du Maurier, and Sir John Millais all took delight in parodying themselves.

Of a later date are Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Prize Novels," of which perhaps the most amusing and successful is "A Buccaneer's Blood-Bath," by L. S. Deevenson, from which we quote the opening of Chapter IV. :—

"You are to remember that when the events I have narrated befell I was but a lad, and had a lad's horror of that which

"PUNCH'S" FANCY PORTRAITS.

Alfred the Great. —March 28, 1882.

smacked of the supernatural. As we ran, I must have fallen in a swoon, for I remember nothing more until I found myself walking with trembling feet through the policies of the ancient mansion of Dearodear. By my side strode a young nobleman, whom I straightway recognised as the Master. His gallant bearing and handsome face served but to conceal the black heart that beat within his breast. He gazed at me with a curious look in his eyes."

One of Mr. Lehmann's earliest contributions to these columns was a clever parody of Tennyson's "Throstle," and a glance through these volumes reveals a number of similar contributions by George Augustus Sala, who parodied Tennyson's "Princess" and his own style in "Eyes of the Week," Milliken's Fitzdotterel, a parody of Lytton's "Glendaveril," and, of course, Mr. Anstey's delightful "Pocket Ibsen."

Punch's poetry has been as a whole of notably good quality, especially distinguished in "obituary" verse, which well bear quotation. Naturally Thackeray would receive kindly notice, and the pen of Shirley Brooks did justice to the "hand that was still":—

AMERICAN "COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART.

"Die, Villain!"

"The extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."—*Times* Leader, March 5.
—*Punch*, March 14, 1891.

"He was a cynic: By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways:
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

. . . .

"And if his acts, affections, works and ways
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,
From life to death, oh, public, turn your gaze—
The last scene of a cynical career!

"Those uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

"These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
Those sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him."

To Dickens, too, *Punch* bore eloquent tribute:

"He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

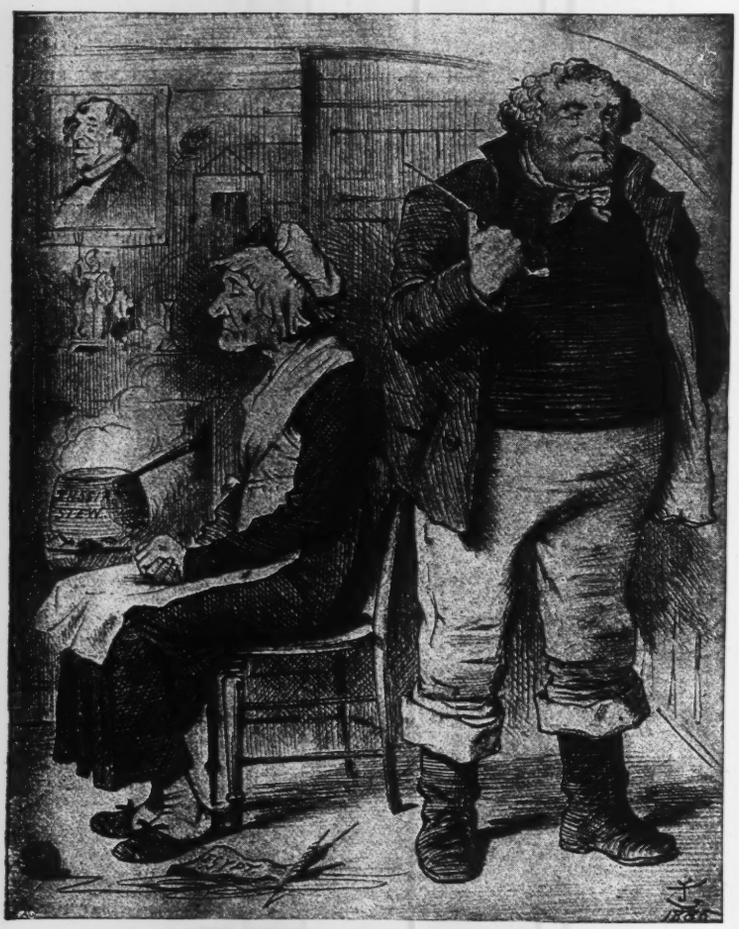
"Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring—
By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Of Art that lives when artists are no more.

"His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound."

And then in 1889 to Robert Browning:—

"In mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,
Your last song, all gallant glee,
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,
Singer free!

"England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,
For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,
Nought of sick erotic hot hysteric drivel
Came from you.



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

The finished sketch by Sir John Tenniel for the *Punch* cartoon, May 2nd, 1885.

Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone: "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles and they make me contrairy. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!"

John Peggotty-Bull (deeply sympathising—aside): "She's been thinking of the old 'un."—*David Copperfield.*

THE MODERN PISTOL.
"Base is the Slave that Pays."
—*Punch*, May 24, 1890.

"One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,
Never doubted dawn would break,
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,
Never culled pale flowers of sin in Stygian meadows.
Sleep—to wake.

"You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toil-time,
Gave us song to strengthen, cheer:
Now you sleep, but not your fame; the world you wakened
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever
Sweet and dear!"

In which verse *Punch* declares very distinctly the hatred he has always, all honour to him, shown to the "unwholesome" in literature.

But after all we cannot but feel that this casual survey has brought in upon us that these pages are worthy of more deliberate study. They teem, if not with direct references, at any rate with distinct allusions to the literature and the literary life of the Queen's reign. To the social student of that most striking period in English history one of its most distinctive traits is the gradual amelioration of manners. When *Punch* first set forth on his genial course he lived and moved in the pleasant land of Bohemia, so did most of his contributors; and, be it remembered, most of them were leaders in the literary republic. In his early days Mr. *Punch* made few and slight references to literary affairs and men of letters, for the simple reason that, even if interested in books, his readers were not much or desired to be much acquainted with writers. Now all this is changed; an author not only publishes his books, but puts himself before the public; so far does this hold good, that the reverse is not seldom the case, and a man puts himself forward first, and then on a foundation of notoriety endeavours to build an edifice of literary reputation.

The lot of the satirist is not altogether happy; he makes many enemies, but few friends, but *Punch*, throughout his long and worthy career, has been so impartial, so just, that a word of praise from him is to the literary man worth a volume of adulation from others. *Punch* has created a good school of literature not only directly in his own pages, but by his ever ready encouragement to all that is worthy, honest, healthy in the world of books.

Truth to tell, we have turned over these ever-refreshing volumes quite at random, and have chosen to take notice of those items in the vast bill of fare which appealed to our own peculiar taste. *Punch* is an inexhaustible store-house not only of good writing but of good writing about writers; he is a candid and judicious critic, milder in his manners now than he was wont to be, while just as fair. *Punch* of fifty, of forty, of thirty years ago is but a shadow of a name to most of us; to turn to him again is to renew, as it were, a friendship with one whom we chiefly have known in his old age, but old and young *Punch* is never lacking in interest to the lover of literature, for not only have great men written in his pages, but in his pages he has ever loved to do honour to those writers to whom honour was due, and has been equally ready to bring down his *bâton* with resounding crack on the heads of any whom he considered to be sinners against the "good customs" of English literature.

"LITERARY STARS."
Mr. Punch among the Planets.—Jan. 3, 1891.

LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.*

II.—THE THREE CLASSES OF LITERARY ART.

AS we suggested generally in our last article, we do not think, strictly speaking, there is any such thing as a work of art. Art enters in various degrees into almost everything in life. Almost every utilitarian institution from a teapot to a political address has some tincture of the instinct for ornament. Almost every artistic object from a wall-paper to a French novel has some practical advantages or disadvantages. The desire to possess a decorative coal-scuttle has never been held to bind even a modern critic to a complete indifference to having a fire in his grate. As we have said, we do not sympathise with that singular carnival of Californian divorce which now possesses the intellectual world; we do not wish to separate everything from everything, nor do we look forward with any joy to a wiser generation equipped with useless ornaments and ugly coal-scuttles. Consequently we are prepared to defend upon every ground a process which is now so commonly attacked, the judgment of pictures, not only from an æsthetic, but also from a literary and ethical point of view. But when we come to subject a large number of literary pictures, such as those which are exhibited in the various galleries this year, to this kind of scrutiny, we at once find that they are related to literature in many totally distinct ways. The true union between the two arts can only occur when the same note is struck in both. For example, there are pictures by Burne-Jones which strike precisely the same note, evoke precisely the same feelings (such as they are) as certain lines from Swinburne; but this is not to be effected merely by putting the lines from Swinburne underneath them. The practice of merely naming pictures after they are born, like babies, may, on the whole, be discouraged. If an artist has painted a good picture of a man hoeing turnips, he had much better call it "A Man Hoeing Turnips," instead of calling it, as he too often does, "Enoch Arden," or something of that sort—first, because the title "Enoch Arden" is a lie; secondly, because the literary title spoils the painter's own chances and sets people criticising him as an interpreter of something which he never intended to interpret. In fact literary art in general, as typified in the literary art of this year, divides itself naturally into three classes, those pictures in which the literary idea is the inspiration, those in which it is a legitimate pretext, and those in which it is, unless we are much mistaken, a mere afterthought. We may take three pictures from the Royal Academy alone which will sufficiently explain the spirit of the three classes of which we speak.

"St. George." By Briton Riviere, R.A. Royal Academy. No. 219. See *Percy Reliques* III., iii., 2. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

After Mr. Watts, whose work we noticed last month, the artist whose imaginative conceptions seem to us most valid is Mr. Briton Rivière. He is two of the best things a man can be and two that are very seldom combined; he is a specialist and a universalist. He has made a study of the painting of animals and brought it to a technical perfection, but the study has not bred in him, as in too many, the spirit of the horse-dealer and the pigeon-fancier. The wonders of creation have stimulated his imagination to the conception and combination of other wonders. From the cosmic extravagance of the rhinoceros and the crocodile, he has conceived in his picture of "St. George" a genuine dragon. The great coils of the dying monster wrapping the dying horse are refreshing to the fancy, for St. George has been badly used in English art, being commonly provided with a most insignificant creature to kill. There is a coin,

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seen by us personally on rare and pleasing occasions, of the general value of twenty shillings, upon which (if the mists of memory do not deceive us) St. George is represented killing a cockroach with a tableknife. Decoratively the design is a very good one, but the English vice of despising the enemy has spoilt the dragon in our art as a whole. Mr. Rivière's picture, on the other hand, seems to us an excellent example of the first class of poetical pictures, the class in which the poetical idea is really the inspiring and controlling force. The colours and lines of the picture are not, so to speak, blind interpreters, they are plenipotentiary ministers of the idea; themselves full of its spirit. If the picture

"Penelope and the Suitors."—*Odyssey*. By Victor Robertson. Royal Academy. No. 3.6. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

were seen in the distance, the mere scheme of colour, the red of the flowers as hot as fire, the blue of the sea, that blue which is hotter than any red, would signal to the spectator who had not yet seen the figures of the Princess bending over her fainting or dying deliverer, the presence of that moral intoxication to which death and destruction seem as beautiful as sea and flowers. Evil itself, in its defeat, seems significant in such an hour; and upon the blue scales of the dying dragon are all the colours of heaven.

We have taken this picture as an instance of that class of art in which the pictorial form fully carries out the literary idea as it first occurred. The fiery blue which pervades the picture, in the lines of the distant sea as in the eyes of the expiring horse, is a colour which in itself symbolises a splendid mood. Next to this type of picture comes the class which covers the vast majority of good pictures exhibited in the galleries, the class in which the literary subject is a pretext, an excuse found in literature for the treatment of a certain pictorial scheme. Of this type of picture there are so many examples that any choice among them must approach to the accidental, but in many respects no better instance of its advantages and disadvantages could be found than Mr. Victor Robertson's picture of "Penelope." Here the artist felt that his strength lay in the depiction of classical subjects. Like so many people in whom the pure æsthetic feeling was unconnected with any particular psychological or dogmatic bent, he was presumably attracted by the Greek spirit, by that profound wisdom which of itself chose to be lucid, by that sublime liberty which of itself chose to be restrained. He desired to paint a classic picture, and he selected out of many possible subjects one particular subject from the Odyssey. Now this method of what may be called intelligent selection of a subject has many advantages. It is likely to produce a good picture in the technical sense. The artist has had clearly in his mind beforehand the kind of picture he could paint, and he has selected the subject to suit his technical powers. But along with these points of superiority it has certain definite disadvantages of which the most prominent is this, that a picture so produced will hardly ever present a thoughtful or original version of its topic. We may of course be quite wrong in our own literary view, but we cannot by any means agree with Mr. Robertson's view of Penelope. He has found in her the opportunity of painting a Juno; with the free swing of that antique drapery which alone of human garbs seems to express the movements of the mind as of the body, he has set before us the spirit of a haughty woman staring down impertinence. In the face of the Antinous (if the chief figure be he) the artist has really caught that most fatuous of expressions, the expression of the half-snubbed lady-killer. All this is very good fun for Mr. Victor Robertson, but not, we think, for Homer. Penelope was not at all like the fiery lady in the picture; if she had been the suitors would not have stayed a week. Homer's Penelope is a more human thing: the crafty, submissive, stubborn, faithful woman. She yields to circumstances, she talks trivialities. In our day she would have poured out

tea for the suitors month after month with abundance of conversation. But she has her own secret and is loyal to it as no man can be loyal. We have dwelt, by way of example, on this picture, in order to show the disadvantage which would handicap even the greatest artist if he were treating a poetic subject not from a poetic impulse, but merely as a poetic excuse. But at least in a picture of this kind the artist knows what he is painting. He does not finish a classical composition and then decide afterwards whether it is meant for Venus rising from the sea or the fight for the body of Patroclus. Yet this topsy-turvy and incredible process has actually passed into a habit and tradition among artists of genuine merit.

The custom of attaching to pictures of general and undefined interest, landscape, local colour and the like, quotations from the poets as a mere tag or ornament is patent everywhere in English art. No blame can be attached to any individual; the thing has become a kind of hall-mark of culture. But unless we are very much mistaken, it is an evil and deleterious custom, ruinous to the austerity of true appreciation either in painting or literature. Let us take, in accordance with the method above pursued, one picture alone as a strong instance of the literary title as afterthought. Mr. Frank Bramley has a picture of two compact, ruddy and grinning rustics, one male, the other female, sitting on a bench among roses as healthy and rustic as their cabbages. The picture is a singularly genial and prosaic scene treated in a singularly square and realistic manner. We turn to the title in the catalogue and find that the picture is named after a line from Keats, of all people in the world, and is gravely entitled "Through the Mist of Passed Years." When we read this we feel convinced that Mr. Bramley was a humourist of the darkest and most subtle type. Manifestly and palpably these two rustics are not thinking about the mist of passed years. Manifestly and palpably they are thinking whether it is time to kill the pig. But Mr. Bramley (in his strange smiling way) took a deliberate pleasure in attaching a line from Keats to people so constructed that Keats would have fainted at the sight of them. We must pay Mr. Bramley

"Rapunzel." By I. L. Gloag. Royal Academy. No. 495. From the Poem by William Morris. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

"Prometheus Consoled by the Spirits of the Earth." By George Watson.

Prometheus: "How fair these air-borne shapes: and yet I feel
Most vain all hope but love. . . ."—*Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."*

Royal Academy. No. 1,046. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and of the Proprietors of *The Studio*, for whom this photograph was specially taken.

this compliment; that we feel a certain mutinous sympathy with the rustics in his picture. There is such a startling resemblance between the red faces of the human actors and the red faces of the roses that the mind cannot avoid the fancy that the world is a sturdier and more humorous thing than poets have made it out, and that roses are eternally in a state of silent protest, red in the face like angry city gentlemen, at the tears that Keats would rain upon them. These thoughts the strange conjunction of Keats and Mr. Bramley do undoubtedly call up.

Into these three divisions, as we have said, the greater number of the year's pictures seem to fall. Specimens of the first class are inevitably few and far between. This element of genuine poetic suggestion does not come often, and is not always combined with a sufficient mastery of technique. Among those, however, which strike us as possessing the fundamental potentialities of this higher type may be mentioned Mr. George Watson's "Prometheus." There are many faults in the picture. But the abrupt lifting of the Titan's head from his horizontal chest so as to strike the thrice luminous oriental light, gives him the look of a sphinx, a vast creature hewn in the morning of the world. A little touch of Aeschylean feeling like this comforts a literary man for much. Along with this in strength and weakness should go, perhaps, Miss Gloag's "Rapunzel," illustrative of Mr. William Morris' romance, since it so genuinely represents the mediæval revival. There is more of Pre-Raphaelite ethics in the mere idea of looking down from a tower upon the woods and towns of earth than in ten chapters of John Ruskin.

"Lady Jane Beaufort and King James I. of Scotland." By J. Doyle Penrose. Royal Academy. No. 993. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and the Proprietors of *Black and White*, from whose "Royal Academy Pictures" the block is taken.

> "And therewith cast I down my eyes again,
> And walking as I saw beneath the tower.
> * * * * *
> The fairest and the freshest youthful flower,
> That ere I saw methought before that hour."
> —*The King's Quhair.*

The second class we have mentioned is far too large to review, but a few details may be noted. One of the disadvantages of the title as the pretext of the technical specialist is that it is always difficult to know whether, in the presence of certain eccentricities, to give the artist credit for superhuman subtlety or to blame him for mere superficial error. Mr. Seymour Lucas, for example, is an artist with a definite bent for the illustration of the seventeenth century.

In this year's Academy he has an excellent little picture of Lovelace's famous "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honour more." It shows a soldier writing a letter on a drum, but the short hair seems more characteristic of the Puritan than the Cavalier. We do not know, however, whether Mr. Seymour Lucas means to remind us that Cavaliers of Lovelace's school had an idealistic sobriety almost equal to that of the Puritans, or whether the gentleman has given away all his hair in lockets to different ladies and so gained an air of Puritanism possibly not entirely deserved.

There are other historical pictures to which much the same criticisms apply. Mr. Isaac Snowman has a picture of "Sardanapalus," in which some real horror is produced, whether accidentally or intentionally, by the darkened face of the womanish bearded figure writhing and swaying its long skirts in its moonstruck and unmanly dance. Mr. Holyoake has another Cavalier picture, a representation of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn illustrative of the lines from Etherege:

"Though he was glum
she still was
jocund,
And chucked the royal
chin of Charles II."

The word of Sir George Etherege we should not ourselves value, as Carlyle would say, to the extent of threepence; but on chucking on the chin and all kindred subjects his authority is decisive. Only for our part we should think the proceeding referred to, exerted on a person already annoyed, would produce a state of mind verging on the maniacal.

In the same class, as a picture which interprets romantically one of the most romantic stories in history, may be cited Mr. J. Doyle Penrose's picture of James I. of Scotland looking from his prison window at Lady Joan Beaufort, afterwards his queen. But here again we have to note definitely the lack of deeper consideration that marks the "pretext" class of pictures. The spring-time beauty of Joan, immortalised in "The King's Quhair," is realised sincerely; the figure is gentle, beautiful, and a little effeminate—which is the opposite to feminine. But has Mr. J. Doyle Penrose remembered the sequel of that romantic and terrible story? Does he remember the part which Joan played in protecting her husband from his assassins, or the vengeance, awful even in those savage days, that she took upon them? If he had thought of these things, we do not think he would have painted her as she is painted in this graceful and poetic picture.

"The Heavens know best what is the best for me."—*Spenser*. By Frank O. Salisbury. Royal Academy. No. 466. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year, June.)

In order to end this large class of works with the mention of a picture of larger scope and pretensions, we may draw attention to Sir James Linton's picture, "The Opening Scene in the Decamerone," a subject chosen with genuine literary insight for a vehicle of the rich early Renascence sentiment, but not giving sufficiently the idea of the irresistible domination of the idea to give it a place in the first class.

(*To be continued.*)

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

IT is not our purpose to enter into any criticism of Dr. Macdonald's fine work. We propose merely to give a few permissible glimpses into the story of his life. Permissible we say, for Dr. Macdonald has never been communicative on this subject, and it is understood that he has given strict instructions to his family that no memoir of him shall be published. He did at one time think of writing a few autobiographical sketches, but was led to abandon this purpose partly because he found that the mists were gathering thick over the past, and partly because of a lifelong shrinking from publicity. A brief outline, however, may be allowed. Dr. George Macdonald was born in the country town of Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, in the year 1824. His birthplace is still standing. When

he came into the world it was a bank, the only bank in the place. It has been altered to other uses, but may still be found in Bogie Street. It is interesting to know that George Macdonald is a pure Celt. His father was one of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, a direct descendant of a family driven from the place in the great massacre. Two of his ancestors fought in the battle of Culloden. One of these was blinded and went to the little Banffshire town of Portsoy, where he brought up a large family. He was famous through the district for his skill as a piper. The family moved ultimately from Portsoy to Huntly, and George Macdonald's grandfather was both farmer and banker. His father, who was a singularly handsome man, and noted for the sweetness and chivalry of his disposition, was a farmer. His mother, who died early, was a Miss Mackay, daughter of a Captain Mackay. She left four sons, but no daughter, and the famous novelist was brought up by his mother's sister. Afterwards his father married again. His second wife was a Miss McColl, and she is still living in Aberdeen at the great age of ninety-five. It is interesting to know that a near relative of hers is Mr. Norman McColl, the well-known editor of the *Athenæum*. A very full account of the fortunes of the Macdonald family exists in manuscript. It was written by George Macdonald's elder brother, and may possibly be published one of these days. George Macdonald spent his early years at The Farm, Huntly. The house of his father remains very little altered to this day.

The Macdonalds were connected with the Congregational Church in Huntly, and it was there that George Macdonald received his first instruction in religion. As the readers of his books well know, he rejected much of the tradition of the fathers. At that time the strongest Calvinism was taught in the Congregational Church in Huntly, and the training alike in theology and in life was strict even to severity. Perhaps the most marked character in that little community was George Macdonald's grandmother. Of her he has left a most vivid picture, true even to the smallest details, in "Robert Falconer." He is known to have said, "Our grandmother will be known as long as 'Robert Falconer' is read." She was very much in advance of her time, a strict teetotaller before teetotallers had been heard of, very positive, very determined, very shrewd, very charitable. She taught herself to write when she was on the verge of sixty. She lived long, and one of her last great interests was the work of Father Mathew. She left injunctions that no whiskey should be given at her funeral, and yet for many years after in that region it would have been thought an outrageous violation of the laws of hospitality not to give whiskey at funerals.

The Macdonalds were comfortably off, though not rich, and George was sent to King's College in Aberdeen. He helped to pay his expenses by engaging in private tuition. His surviving contemporaries say that he was a very handsome lad, very punctilious about his dress (this was not common amongst Aberdeen students), but not specially distinguished as a scholar. One who knew him well at the time was William Geddes, afterwards Sir William Geddes, Principal of the University of Aberdeen Between him and Geddes there subsisted to the last a strong friendship, honourable to both, and Geddes contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* a disquisition on his friend's qualities as a poet.

"Boccaccio. The Opening Scene in the Decamerone." By Sir James D. Linton. New Gallery. No. 83. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

After finishing his University studies and taking the degree of M.A., Macdonald came to London to study at Highbury College for the Congregational ministry. During this period also he engaged in teaching. It is curious that he was tutor in a family living at The Retreat, Hammersmith, the house that years afterwards became his own home. He soon met with the lady who was to become his wife, Miss Powell of Hampstead. He accepted in the year 1850 the pastorate of Trinity Congregational Church, Arundel. The congregation was small, but the scenery of the neighbourhood attracted him. In Arundel he was married and two of his children were born. In early life he had been delicate, and at Arundel he broke a blood vessel. One of his successors has written, "The tall form, the blue and dreamy eyes, the full beard, the long hair—the appearance at once weird and winning—was a familiar sight in the streets, and the older inhabitants delight to recall how to something of the knight errant he added true chivalry, tenderness for suffering, scorn of insincerity, and strong love of right." He made his impression rather as a pastor than as a preacher. His charities were large and unsparing, and in times of sickness he was a constant and helpful visitor. The connection between minister and people did not last long. Macdonald had come under the new and broader theological influences, and the orthodox in his congregation were partly puzzled and partly alarmed. In fact, he was often so mystical as to be quite unintelligible to a congregation of humble people. In 1853 it was quietly explained to him by one of his deacons that the views he maintained were not in accordance with the convictions of the members of the church generally. There was no bitterness in the separation. Macdonald quietly resigned his charge and retired, taking with him the respect and affection even of those who differed from him. It is said that the Bible classes he conducted at Arundel were especially popular.

Two or three years of obscurity followed. I am unable to give definite particulars, but it is known that Macdonald preached regularly to congregations in Manchester and in Bolton. He was in Manchester when his son Greville, now Dr. Greville Macdonald, the distinguished specialist, was born in 1856. In that year Macdonald issued his first book, the now well-known "Within and Without." He followed it in 1857 with a book of poems, and in 1858 with "Phantastes, a Faery Romance." His first famous and popular novel, "David Elginbrod," appeared in 1862. The story of the years between 1856-62 would be full of interest if we were at liberty to tell it, or had complete materials. Suffice it to say that during this period he became the friend of A. J. Scott, whom he does not hesitate to call the noblest man he has ever known, of Frederick Maurice, whose theological influence over him was very great, and of Lady Byron, to whose memory he has dedicated one of his books "with a love stronger than death." The careful reader of his books cannot help seeing that Macdonald was never really at home in Dissent, but during the obscure period of his literary life he was a contributor to some of the broader Nonconformist periodicals, such as the *Eclectic Review* and the *Christian Spectator*, and he was naturally attracted by such men as T. T. Lynch. Some fragments of his prose writing at this period may be found in that scandalously edited but noteworthy little book which he first published under the strange title, "A Dish of Orts." His most elaborate critical essay appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* as late as 1867, and was entitled "The Imagination: its Functions and Culture." When "David Elginbrod" was published Macdonald's victory was practically won. He became a great teacher with an immense influence. Of all his books, however, the most successful from the pecuniary point of view was his "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," which appeared in 1866. It was originally issued in the *Sunday Magazine*, and Alexander Strahan, the publisher, then in the days of his glory, was a munificent friend to the author. "Robert Falconer," which is perhaps his best book, which tells more of his inner thought and life than any other, appeared first in Strahan's magazine, the *Argosy*, and was published in 1868. At that period he was editor for a while of another periodical started by Mr. Strahan, entitled *Good Words for the Young*, and made himself very widely known through the country as a lecturer and preacher. "The most exquisite preacher that ever entered a pulpit"—such was the characterisation given of him by the author of "Mark Rutherford." In 1872-3 he made a successful lecturing tour in the United States. For a number of years his literary activity continued, but it is unnecessary for us to enter into particulars which will be found in every reference book. For many years Dr. Macdonald has spent much of his time in a house at Bordighiera, and for the last two or three years he has been practically disabled from work, though his health is fairly good. As a poet and as a prose writer he will ultimately be awarded a much higher place than is at present assigned to him. His poems have been much marred by his habit of incessant changing and rewriting, but in all circumstances he makes it clear that he possesses a distinctive poetic faculty, and his best work in fiction is noble and winning. It may be said that he prepared the way for the later writers of Scotch stories. He conquered the English public by a dialect more uncompromising than any of them have ventured to use. W. R. N.

THE TYRANNY OF THE WORD.*

SOME years ago I used to enjoy curious glimpses of the London world of letters through an acquaintance whose special subject was not so much literature as literary gossip. He never seemed to spare time for reading the new books, distracted as he was by his original researches on the social and literary status and future prospects of the writers. Most of them he contrived to behold in the flesh, penetrating into literary circles of various diameters and symmetries. The reports he brought back from his visits to the fountain-head gave me the impression of a literary Stock Exchange, where the values dealt in were literary reputations. I seemed to hear of rings got up to bull Ibsen and bear Browning—that Hardy had been over-watering his capital, and that the corner in American notions was collapsing—that Kipling and Co. was going up, and Tennyson and Co. was now down to nowhere—that Corellis were still in demand, though the smash must come sooner or later. And each

* "John Ruskin." By Mrs. Meynell. Modern English Writers Series. (Blackwood.)

time he returned with some new bubble, some dazzling fifty-per-cent. phenomenon just floated by a syndicate of infallible Hooleys. The prospectus was well-nigh stereotyped—each projector proposed to work some wonderful patent for thinking differently from everybody else, or still better, for dispensing with thinking altogether, and for writing in a style so eccentric that special epithets had to be coined to describe it. True, each bubble burst in turn, the phenomenon disappearing into the privacy of the gaol, the asylum, the secret fastnesses of some suburban Mutual-admiration Society, or the arms of some *tête-montée* old maid or widow—the relicts of fighting publicans fall the easiest prey—where he learnt to write cheques instead of Nocturnes and Appreciations. But my volatile friend had forgotten the bubble long before its collapse. Little cares the gambler what has become of the aces he held in last night's hand, or how soon the Liberator may collapse when once he has sold out.

Well, one day in he skipped with a little book newly gleaned in his London stubbles. Another phenomenon! Short essays by a lady. Dear little Tom Thumb essays—quite colossal; regular literary midgets—entirely immense; awfully deep—tremendously light. This and more, not less consistent. But the style, so those fellows told him, was the game; something quite fetching and up to date—here he reeled off the special epithets—and she had started a new dodge they called the "authentic word" or "inevitable word"—didn't recollect which—but awfully dodgy. No, he couldn't *exactly* say he had read the book, but had looked into it; seemed to him rum stuff—safe to go down. Anyhow it was all correct—the *Villa Reflector* was writing it up, and X said the essays were equal to Bacon's—no, *not* merely in length—and Y and Z were going to boom her like one o'clock! *Would* I mind just reading it—and perhaps then I might *possibly* care to write something about it. No? But so short! such a little one! and, look! what big print! So I read the Baconian essays and found? Well, no trace of Bacon certainly, but what one sometimes finds, curiously enough, under the pretentious affectations of the Phenomena, a certain substratum of commonplace common sense. The authoress persists in trying to think like a man, and then produces mere words; when she thinks only like a woman, the result is thoughts—thoughts neither broad nor deep, but often apt and shrewd. *The Tyranny of the Flower* (meaning the present rage for floral design) and a paper on St. Peter's at Rome were happy, perhaps original, ideas, though poorly worked out. The book struck me as intelligent, inoffensive and superfluous, but in no way remarkable save for its style, which was—deplorable. Unfortunately I forget the special patent epithet for it—reticent, distinctionist, parsimonious?—or is it costive, reluctant, secretive, tongue-tied, or sullen? Anyhow it is novel. Just as a cockroach design for bed-curtains or a toad-and-frying-pan wall paper would be a relief from those tyrannical flowers, so it is at least a change to have faint glimpses into the Obvious conveyed, not in the orthodox squeals and gabble, but in—grunts. But why I remember all this, is because it was an event. Though usually dull at riddles, after immense research I suddenly guessed, and shall never forget, the tremendous secret of "the Word"—of which more anon.

And why I now rake it all up is because it is the best commentary I can offer on Mrs. Meynell's commentary on Ruskin—what she would call my "authentic word." I had hoped that by now she would have abandoned her affectations, or at least invented some fresh one. Not a bit of it. Few words will suffice for the matter of the book, which is intended as a comprehensive account of Ruskin's work and works—a task of no common difficulty. Mrs. Meynell is an enthusiastic and advanced Ruskin-student. She always takes him as seriously as he took himself—as seriously as I used to take him before I became his pupil, and found that when his blood was up under proper encouragement he would say pretty well anything. Only now and then her shrewd female sense is stung to respectful protest. She tries to deny or reconcile his inconsistencies. As if they matter! A pioneer in strange waters all his long life, of course he often got out of his depth, often was inconsistent. His fallibility is his charm. Her plan of devoting a separate chapter to each volume is excellent, but her method most defective. So the book is utterly ineffectual, superfluous and useless. If it was meant to be read *before* reading Ruskin, or *instead of* reading Ruskin, she should have given a clear analysis of the contents of each work, followed by short plain comments on its merits, defects, and relation to his other books. But she takes it for granted that the reader has all Ruskin at his fingers' ends. If, on the other hand, she wished to give us her own views on Ruskin, Art and Economics, it should have been in a separate book, written in the mother-tongue. Evidently she found her powers and her leisure inadequate to her task. Those who know much about the Higher Education, know how excessively rare in women is a perfect sense of proportion, and the power of digesting a book, tracing its main skeleton, co-ordinating all its parts, and then presenting in few words a clear, just, exhaustive view of its whole import. So she just runs through each work, and picks out a few quotations, often of no significance, often obscure apart from the context. These she dumps down at intervals and at random, introducing each by a sentence which simply means, "We find the following passage," or "Here is another good quotation"; only to save appearances it is veiled in her clumsy jargon, so that it and the quotation form a regular puzzle. Then she fills up the interstices not with comment, but *remarks*, fastening here and there upon stray points, by preference obscure ones which lend themselves to further obscuration. This, of course, will be called "dealing with the higher aspects of the book." Sometimes, it is true, these remarks impinge upon the general scope of the work, but even then they are only partial side-glances. Here and there occur sentences and pages of sound though rather obvious criticism written in plain English or easy Ruskinese. But nowhere have I yet found anything original enough, or remarkable enough to quote, or I would gladly have quoted it. And everywhere the affectation of "reticence," of modesty, of parsimony—the suggestion of an immense reserve fund of superiority and wisdom—of more pearls than she chooses to cast. And the ironical compliments to the swine—a very old device. Just one instance of this. It is one of her isolated, perfunctory remarks. "Ruskin finds the great style to be the style of a great painter, and knows that no goodwill

can bring it to pass." The object of this remark is really to lug in the following learned illustration. She goes on: "The reader may remember that it is written in the *Phædo*, 'There are, say those who preside at the mysteries, many wand-bearers, but few inspired'"—and then she drops the subject. Now she knows very well that her reader *won't* remember the Phædo. The reader who does, would have shut the book before he got to page 50, and if not, he would only smile at the far-fetched quotation. What she means is, "Reader, you ought to remember the Phædo, but you don't. I do, for I have just looked at it." And the reader mutters, "Who was the Phædo? Was he Plato, or was he fables? I suppose I ought to have read him. Anyhow it is most kind of Mrs. Meynell to take it for granted that I have. Evidently she has read an awful lot, and no doubt she knows what she means, though I am sure I can never tell what she is driving at. So I will write a paper on her 'Inner Meaning' for our Minerva Society, and we will set up a Meynell Discussion Class in opposition to those stuck-up Browning Ruminators." Such is the serious harm which these "superior" books are doing in our reading days; otherwise they might be passed over with a smile. But "the reader may remember" that our wiser fathers used to make false lights a hanging matter.

The style—which is probably the root of the mischief—so far from being super-excellent, is thoroughly bad. I will not give specimens; the reader may study closely a few typical pages for himself—say pages 13, 14, 15. But her "grand manner," as I have said, is not always kept up. Among other faults it has two deadly ones. First it is hopelessly clumsy. It abounds in parentheses, brackets, repetitions, inversions, awkward transitions, and ugly phrases. If this jargon is "distinction," give me modest Billingsgate. The other blain is obscurity, virulent and chronic. The authoress may of course, like Squire Thornhill, suggest that the fault lies in my brains. Granted! I am not sharp—word-puzzles and the higher mathematics are beyond me. And I am prejudiced—for I hate all symbolism and mystery-mongery like poison. But surely an expensive education and a life of leisure spent, or wasted, on books (Ruskin's among them) should give the average mortal some familiarity with his own language, and enable him to grapple with any lines of thought which Mrs. Meynell is ever likely to evolve, without stumbling, hunting back, and giving up in despair the thrice read page. It is all very well to talk about "exquisitely close reading"; I read all I possibly could—the first ninety pages "exquisitely," and some of the later chapters carelessly. And the general effect was that of the distances of Poussin, which "pretend to secrecy without having anything to conceal, and are ambiguous, not from the concentration of meaning, but from the want of it" (p. 30.) Be not deceived. "This excellent sentence"—albeit not quite original—is Ruskin's, not his commentator's. Her exuberant "reticence" and florid "severities" are deliberate. It is all done on purpose. Probably the power of expression was never among Mrs. Meynell's gifts and attainments, and in some early work she may have betrayed uncouth words and constructions, upon which the suburban novelty-hunters pounced at once. Then came the old story. The victim is assured that his blemishes are exquisite graces; he cultivates them as studied affectations; at last they become second nature. Beyond doubt Mrs. Meynell has been persuaded that she is not only a sibyl, but also what they call a stylist. And worse, she would fain play the Aristarchus and castigate her betters. In a short book on a vast subject she wastes twelve lines of rigmarole (p. 34) in deploring a stray phrase of Ruskin's. Describing a weather-worn bank, he wrote that it presented "features capable of giving high gratification to a careful observer." This is called "a derogation, not so much from Johnson as from Gibbon"—whatever that may mean—and "the refuse of an English style, profusely ready to the hand of every writer in the middle of the century." Now the phrase is perfectly correct, perfectly polished, and most exactly expresses Ruskin's meaning. The only objection to it is that it was misused and vulgarised by the Mrs. Meynells who have "passed." She herself has fresher fish to fry; and in her very next paragraph we find that a certain chapter is "rich in a sense of drawing which the reader takes from the strong fingers of the writer"—"take" and "pass" are pet shibboleths—and that the fingers are "capable of a hold upon the forms, the growth, the perspectives, the floor of the world, and the ranks of all erections"—this last phrase is a bad case of the "Word"—and that they "flick condemnation." And the perpetrator of this pretentious nonsense positively has the—well, the imprudence to "flick" at Gibbon—Gibbon, who never penned a sentence which a scholar needed to read twice! Ruskin is also blamed for "using 'which' where 'that' would be both more correct and *less inelegant*. He probably *had* the habit *from* him, who did more than *any other* to disorganise the English language—*that* is, Gibbon." Please study the italicised Aristarchian refinements, especially the "less inelegant," which is much more grossly genteel than the despised "features" and "gratification," and is besides *pure nonsense*, unless she thinks "that" inelegant also. So it is, as she uses it herself. But save "which" and "that" what other words *can* we use? "Had from" and "any other" are both incorrect. And it is by the display of "superiorities" like these that she would have Gibbon to know his place! In an equally obscure and meaningless sentence (p. 6) she deplores Ruskin's fidelity to the favourites of his youth—Rogers, Scott, and Byron; and sneers at "the inventory of Nature's beauties versified by Scott." Inventoried! versified! possibly—but with what joyous, grateful love of Nature! with what pure, healthy Scottish pride in his native land! with what a hunter-eye for wood, water, sky and distance! There is a world of Turner in Scott's poems; and I expect Ruskin felt it, though his hangers-on cannot. Scott is always yearning for us to share his gladness, to see what he saw, to love what he loved; and he succeeded where the Ruskinite charlatans fail. In that one precious "Word" Mrs. Meynell has pronounced her own sentence. And now let us forget and forgive this tiresome little book. Spurious sibylline leaves are fit sport for winds, not for critics, save that sometimes a *popularis aura* may waft them into credulous hands, and then!

Must I then part with the secret of the Word? But suppose it were to die with me! Besides, I have discovered another secret—its primitive origin. Whichsoever of the Maeterlinckmen, or Symbolists, or Verlainers, or Opiumists

first formulated this Neo-Gnostical heresy of the Logos, the rascal clearly stole the idea from that royal stylist, King Cetewayo, who began his excellent letters with the phrase, "This is my word." The main doctrine is also pirated—from the old theory of the Common Law. It is this. Ready for each emergency of the literary charlatan there lies hid somewhere *in gremio glossarii* a special, appropriate, divinely elected, never-before-chosen, only authentic, only possible word; and this word is the mystical Logos, which the charlatan is sure to find, if he thumb the dictionary long enough. The sect is much torn by dissensions, some teachers holding by sound—jingle or cacophony; others by sense—that is, mystical, recondite, senseless sense. Mrs. Meynell soars above either; she stands as a heresiarch apart, and, in my serious opinion, far above the others. For her special Logos is just one of those simple, practical, direct ideas which a common mind would never hit on. And this is the secret. The authentic Word of Mrs. Meynell is not the Word Musical, nor the Word Discordant, nor the Word Esoteric, nor the Word Exoteric, nor the Word Exotic or Neurotic, but simply and solely the *Wrong* Word. How easy and obvious it seems when found out! But the simpler the trick, the greater the artist. No dictionary is needed; any word will do save the right one. I do not pretend to tell you "how it is done"; but I suspected that in the *Essays* the authoress simply struck out one word—never more—in each page of manuscript, and inserted another. But even thus it must take time to fix on something queer enough. Far better—and fairer—to shuffle. Suppose you find scattered through your chapter these phrases—a leathern portmanteau, a squalling brat, and a setting planet. Just take your pen and transpose; and let the reader make what he can of a squalling portmanteau, a setting brat, and a leathern planet. If poor Moses protest, tell him you don't supply brains gratis. But the chances are that he will go on guessing and muddling his brains till he ends in implicit faith—*credo quia impossibile*—and "squalling" his Gladstone bag will be for evermore—that is till some later revelation constrains him to call it "imperative," or "lush." In this Ruskin book I observe with regret a tendency to "derogate" from the orthodox bare-faced "Word" to the "vital, just and brilliant phrase." The single wrong word was much safer. Thus we have seen how Ruskin's hand clutched various incongruities culminating in "the floor of the world and the ranks of all erections," meaning, if it mean anything, all branches of the building trade. The "phrase" only makes the anti-climax more grotesque.

Whatever I have written upon the vagaries and affectations of the authoress was meant to reflect solely upon her false guides and admirers, though after all gallantry is not criticism. The ladies need less, not more, indulgence. For they never mind anything we say, except the compliments. And besides, an author stands or falls by his book. Not so a lady. She has, or should have, a crushing retort always ready—an "authentic word" that out-dives the profundity of Sphynx and Sibyl—"You say my books are bad. Well, sir, what of that? *Have you tasted my pies?*" Y. Y.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Charles Brewer, for several years a member of the reporting staff of the *Nottingham Express*, has accepted a similar position on the *Scarborough Evening News*.

Mr. H. C. Midwinter is leaving the *Nottingham Express*, having been successful in obtaining an appointment on the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* reporting staff.

Last month about a dozen Nottingham and Mansfield members of the Institute of Journalists paid a visit to Leicester with the object of forming a sub-district of the Institute in that town. The local pressmen and the deputation were entertained to tea at the White Hart Hotel by the chairman of the district, Mr. A. J. Smith (F) of Nottingham, and at the subsequent meeting an interesting discussion took place concerning the work and value of the Institute. No definite decision was arrived at, but the Leicester journalists arranged to meet at a convenient date to take the matter into further consideration.

The next quarterly meeting of the East Midlands district of the Institute of Journalists will be held in conjunction with the annual picnic, which according to present arrangements takes place this month. Charnwood Forest is the place selected for the outing.

At a meeting of the committee of management of the Press Association, Limited, held last month, Sir John A. Willox, M.P., of the *Liverpool Courier*, was unanimously elected chairman of the Association for the ensuing year. Sir John was elected to the same position twenty-five years ago. This second election has given much satisfaction to his many friends in the Liverpool district and also in the metropolis.

The editor of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, Preston, Mr. A. Brodie Fraser, has received an appointment on the staff of the *South Wales Daily News*, Cardiff. Mr. Fraser is succeeded by Mr. W. C. B. Cowan, of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

About forty members and friends of the Surrey district of the Institute started on the 23rd of June for their annual trip, Devon and Cornwall having been again selected. Some went for the week-end only; others, fearing a dissolution later, arranged to take their annual holiday then. The South-Western Railway Company again granted special facilities.

Mr. R. J. Peake, the chief reporter and "special commissioner" of the *Lancashire Daily Post* and *Preston Guardian*, has just undergone a serious surgical operation. His many friends throughout the country will be pleased to learn that the operation proved most successful, and that Mr. Peake is making admirable progress.

The *Daily News Weekly* has been discontinued.

The North and East Lancashire district of the Institute of Journalists is making splendid progress. At the annual meeting held recently, seventy-six members were reported. For 1900-1901, Mr. A. Francis (*Lancashire Daily Post*) has been elected chairman; Mr. S. S. Lord (*Barrow News*) and Mr. W. J. Overstall (*Accrington Observer*), vice-chairmen; Mr. F. J. Mehen (hon. secretary), and Mr. T. Shaw (*Blackburn Times*), hon. treasurer.

Mr. T. H. Reid, editor of the *China Mail*, is spending a holiday in this country, and has recently been staying in the Beverley district.

Mr. Edwin Taylor, chief reporter of the *Yorkshire Herald*, has been presented by his colleagues with a silver rose bowl on completing twenty-five years' service with the literary staff of the *Herald*.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. W. C. Macdonald has been appointed chief reporter of the *Aberdeen Journal* and *Evening Express*.

The members of the Edinburgh and Glasgow District of the Institute of Journalists held their annual joint excursion on the 23rd June. The party drove from Edinburgh and visited Dalkeith Palace and Newbattle Abbey, afterwards dining in the Cross Keys Hotel, Dalkeith. A very pleasant afternoon was spent.

IRELAND.

Mr. George Lynch, the well-known war correspondent, paid a visit to Cork, his native town, during the month, and was warmly received by his many friends, who congratulated him on his recovery from his recent severe illness. During his stay in Cork, Mr. Lynch contributed a series of articles to the *Cork*

Examiner on the conduct of the Irish soldiers in the war and his impressions on the campaign.

Among the successful candidates at the recent King's Inns examination in law, we notice the name of Mr. M. J. Cosgrave, of the Dublin *Evening Telegraph*.

The death is announced of Mr. J. M'Dougall, proprietor of the *Galway Express*, at the age of eighty-one.

WALES.

Mr. W. Cleaver, sub-editor of the *Daily Post*, Swansea, has been appointed editor of the *South Wales Daily Telegraph*, Newport. On leaving Swansea he was presented by his colleagues with a gold watch.

Cwrt-y-Vil, Penarth, the residence of Mr. H. L. Carr, managing director of the *Western Mail*, has narrowly escaped destruction by fire, through the bursting of a lamp.

NEW BOOKS.

TENNYSON'S EARLY POEMS.*

It is a severe test of the merit of a painter whether his principal works will bear bringing together into a single exhibition. It is an equally stringent test of the merit of a poet whether he can bear the publication of the pieces which his mature taste has rejected from his works, and of the imperfect drafts of those which he has retained. As a rule, such an experiment would be greatly to be deprecated, but in the case of Tennyson it adds materially alike to his own reputation and to the delight and instruction of his readers. An exquisite felicity is so essential an element of his genius that his fame actually would suffer were it unknown how much he had "discreetly blotted." Mr. Churton Collins has therefore done exceeding well to publish the poems up to 1842 with all the variants, in so far as these could be recovered by diligent research, and to add as an appendix, and in small type, the pieces to which the poet definitively refused a place in his collected works. We shall be surprised if this edition does not take a permanent place in the library. For a daily companion, no doubt, the edition will always be preferred which exhibits the poet's mind and work in their clarity, "unvexed by the shallow wit" of the annotator; but for purposes of study it will be felt that Mr. Collins has supplied an indispensable auxiliary. The perpetual felicity of emendation, perfecting what seemed perfection already, is a continual surprise and delight; while the rejected pieces are a valuable praxis in the art of poetry, a humbling admonition to poets, showing how a poem may possess great beauty and genuine inspiration, and yet be deservedly a castaway. We may speculate, if we will, whether any amount of labour could have brought "The Hesperides" to the level of "The Lotus Eaters;" how the poet could have had the heart to proscribe the magnificent "Chorus from an Unpublished Drama;" and how he could at any time have perpetrated the imbecilities which excited the boisterous but genial mirth of Christopher North. It is a pity that Wilson did not review the volume of 1833; perhaps Tennyson's petulant lines on "Crusty Christopher" deterred him. His effusiveness alike in praise and blame would have counteracted the cold contumely of Lockhart, whose criticism was not the less offensive for having proved in some respects salutary.

It is needless to say anything respecting Mr. Churton Collins's standing as a critic, and his "Illustrations of Tennyson" have already endowed him with weighty credentials as an editor of this poet. His notes are models, concise, seasonable, and informing. They are in general confined to textual questions, which accounts for their paucity in the case of the suppressed poems, where, perhaps, they might with advantage have been more copious. Most readers, for example, would have liked to have been informed what and where Thymiaterion was. Mr. Collins's reticence is in general laudable; a text should not be smothered in notes; yet, as he by no means abstains from illustrative comment, he might in some places have been more communicative. "Locksley Hall," for instance, gains in force if it is observed that the lines on Orion and the Pleiades are introduced to show that the speaker inhabited his retired ancestral mansion all the year round. The poet "born in a golden clime" must have been some individual poet, and it seems to us almost certain that he was Shelley. The marvellously vivid line:

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,"

may be compared with one hardly less magical in Patmore's "Tamerton Church Tower":—

"Far breakers shone,
Slow gleams of silent light."

It might have been remarked that the change of title from "St. Agnes" to "St. Agnes' Eve" was probably occasioned by the discovery that the snowy convent roof could not suit the southern and social environment of the actual St. Agnes, who lived and died at Rome before convents were invented. There is room for much additional commentary; but the only point on which we should question Mr. Collins's interpretation of any passage upon which he dwells is his opinion that the allegory of "The Goose" "may be narrowed to the Free Trade question." If so, it cannot have been written, as he states, "at the time of the Reform Bill agitation," for Free Trade did not become a national question until 1838. Perhaps the piece is the "one exception" to the composition of the additional poems in 1833. If there is really any political allusion it proves too much, for on the poet's own showing the nation, typified by the old woman, was in rags and tatters until the Radicals came to the rescue.

One statement of Mr. Collins's will amaze most readers; he says that "The Life and Letters" whose publication is so bitterly denounced by Tennyson in a famous poem is, of all biographies in the world, that gem of biography, his own especial friend Milnes's Life of Keats! Mr. Collins is nevertheless right; dates prove it. A more perverse judgment was never expressed. If there is any biography of a poet which is a model of tact and delicacy, and which has contributed almost as much as his own verse to embalm his memory in the hearts of his countrymen, it is this vituperated book. Well will it be for Tennyson if, when his own biography comes to be definitively written, he falls into equally able and equally reverent hands. He seems to have had a tendency to go wrong about Keats; in one of his few critical deliverances he censures the latter's blank verse, which most have thought second only to his own.

Mr. Collins's remarks on Tennyson's significance for his own times are so sound that we could have wished them more full. Tennyson did not possess an intellect of the first order; nor, as Mr. Collins observes, is his place set among seers and prophets. But his mind was marvellously receptive, it mirrored and gave back all around it; and fortunately for his fame, he lived in an age rife with matter worth mirroring; an age of projects, enterprises, discoveries, and innovations; a stormy, ambitious, earnest, restless, and at the same time much divided and distracted period; an age of the creation of the new, and not less of the revival of the old. Posterity will find the higher thought of the Victorian age reflected in Tennyson as faithfully as its manners are reflected in Thackeray and Trollope; and although no poet has expatiated on a wider range of subject, his most remote and exotic scenes and personages are regarded through a Victorian medium. This will make the poet most modern in his own day old-fashioned before his time; but renders him a truer exponent of his own age than his rival Browning, who only writes as a Victorian when dealing with a Victorian theme. Mr. Collins justly claims for Tennyson a special mission as the poet of imperial expansion and federation. It is remarkable that, if portraits can be depended upon, among all his great contemporaries the strongest personal resemblance to the middle-aged Tennyson is borne by the apostle of colonisation, Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

There is one blot upon this generally admirable edition, the number of small but annoying misprints, not usually in the text, but in the small-typed notes, and especially frequent in Greek and Italian words. They are in general trifling, but the more trivial the more vexatious. On page xxvii. the omission of a hyphen turns a sheep-walk into a flock of sheep; and on page 262 the insertion of one makes Plato describe the chariot of the soul as drawn by horses with two wings, instead of by two winged horses.

RICHARD GARNETT.

* "The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson." Edited, with a critical introduction, commentaries, and notes, together with the various readings, a transcript of the poems temporarily and finally suppressed, and a bibliography, by John Churton Collins. (Methuen and Co.)

DIANNE DE POYTIERS.*

This work gives us the narrative of a woman's life of singularly dramatic interest. As we follow her career through its various vicissitudes we look upon the story rather as an epic poem than as a piece of serious history, an effect largely produced upon the mind by the skilful way in which Miss Hay has arranged her materials. She has resolutely kept the main subject of the work before her reader, and has used her researches into contemporary documents only to throw light upon that subject, and never, as is too often the case with students of history, to choke it with irrelevant matter.

This special field of literature—historical biography—wherein the silent figures of a past age may be called back to life and movement, seems to us to be peculiarly adapted for feminine exploration. A woman seizes upon the domestic details and small accessories which a man is inclined to pass over as trivial, but which are all-important in revivifying the personages and the scenes of bygone days.

Dianne, who was the daughter of Jehan de Poytiers, was married at thirteen to Louis de Brézé, Grand Sénéchal de Normandie, Count of Maulevier, who was thirty years her senior, and who was considered to be one of the ugliest men of his time. He died in 1531, and the young Dauphin then declared himself the ardent admirer of Dianne. "There is record of the tournament of 1530, where Henri's first lance was broken, and this lance, like his last, was broken in her honour. As she was born in 1499, she had reached the age of thirty-one, while Henri was only fifteen. . . . A flood of the bitterest invective and raillery was poured forth at the favourite and her young lover." The lady was even suspected of witchcraft. "Many were the stories of how her miraculous beauty and charm were preserved; one being that she bathed in water filled with crushed gold; but most generally believed of all, was the attractive little romance that Dianne as a child saved the life of a gypsy condemned to death, and, in her gratitude, the woman gave her a magic filtre which would preserve youth for all time."

But our author has suggested a much simpler explanation of the mystery. Dianne lived a healthy, natural life. She "was brought up at her father's Castle of Saint Vallier, riding, and flying her falcon; and some wise person taught her habits of personal cleanliness which were all too rare in those days. The fame of her morning cold baths has come down to us through the ages as the idiosyncrasy of a strange woman!"

Dianne, apart from her physical beauty, was endowed "with a rich and powerful intellect," and "her knowledge of art, as shown by her wide patronage of all that was best in painting, sculpture, architecture, and the lesser crafts of book-binding, enamelling, and pottery, was well calculated to interest and absorb the weak, though refined, Henri." On Henri's accession to the throne, he made over to her immense sums of money, drawn from the taxes of the country, with which "she built the Castle of Anet on the site of Louis de Brézés' mediæval fortress. It is a marvellous palace, laden with the genius of all the greatest artists of the age," and extolled by the poets under the name of "Dianet." Dianne encouraged the arts of France by employing native rather than foreign artificers wherever this was possible.

Of her taste in book-binding, Miss Hay gives us some fine examples. The facsimile which faces page 12 shows a delicate design combining her emblems. Four bows encircle the arms of France, while her three interlaced crescent moons and the monogram "H. D." (Henri-Dianne) decorate the remaining space.

The King presented her with the Duchy of Valentinois, which added largely to her former domains. Here she levied taxes in her own right, one of these being paid by the inhabitants of St. Vallier on every bread-baking oven in the town. "She ruled the King, his Court, and even his family with an iron hand, cleverly concealed by the wiles and gentle ways of a typically tactful woman of the world." Queen Catherine herself was forced to submit to her dominion, and we find Dianne prescribing medicine for the royal children. "Her prescriptions," remarks our author, "remind us forcibly of the witches' caldron in *Macbeth*; horrible mixtures of the powder made from the fat of a fish and a hair from the head of a dead man."

For thirteen years Dianne de Poytiers enjoyed supreme power, but at the end of that time it all suddenly crumbled away. For the final catastrophe we must refer the reader to Miss Hay's stirring account of the great tournament of 1559, where Henri, in spite of the entreaties of the Queen and the gloomy forebodings of her astrologer, rushed upon his death. Two other tragic careers are linked with this tournament. Among the spectators stood the wife of the Dauphin, afterwards Mary Queen of Scots, and Henri's daughter Elizabeth, whose story Schiller has given so pathetically in "Don Carlos."

Miss Hay's sifting of the evidence upon two or three moot points is both ingenious and thorough. The French authorities to whom we have referred, entirely endorse her conclusions. Her style is, as a rule, pure and flowing, but we would venture to take exception to such expressions as the following: She speaks of the "*glittering* pages of French History" and of the new King François II." "not wishing to be *worried* by affairs of State."

The industry with which interesting portraits, prints, medallions, examples of book-binding, etc., have been discovered and carefully reproduced, cannot be too highly praised. These add greatly to the charm of this valuable work.

CONSTANCE HILL.

* "Dianne de Poytiers, a Monograph." By Marie Hay. (John and E. Bumpus, Ltd.)

THE STORY OF A DELIGHTFUL JOURNEY.*

When the author and the artist of "Our Stolen Summer" embarked at Tilbury Dock for their tour round about the world, they possessed the one thing above all others necessary for such an undertaking—the right spirit; and it is to their adaptability, their resourcefulness and good humour—their ability to enjoy rain when it rained, to use their fingers when knives and forks were scarce, and so on—that we are indebted for one of the pleasantest books of the year. Two or three

COUNTRY COUSINS

"The Gathering (of Maoris at an industrial exhibition of Auckland) brought together so many friends who had not met for some time that the ceremony of nose-rubbing was in great force. . . . Two women meeting after a lengthened period will hand their babies to their docile husbands to hold, and placing their faces together, will rub noses and weep floods of tears."—*Our Stolen Summer.*

* "Our Stolen Summer." By Mary Stuart Boyd. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. 18s. (Blackwood.)

things combined to incite them to this holiday: they found that the pursuit of even the most agreeable occupations may become monotonous and create ennui, they wished to escape a London winter, and—most important of all—the Boy who was

"As usual when nearing a port much correspondence was overtaken, not only in the saloon writing rooms, but also on the steerage deck, where the Austrian emigrants were especially busy with their pen."—*Our Stolen Summer.*

to accompany them would, within a calculable number of months, be unable to travel with a half-ticket. The result of this combination of circumstances was a start on a chilly October morning in the teeth of a strong east wind, undismayed and cheerful, and determined to see the best side of everything. Of the delightful voyage—visiting Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Colombo, something of Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Honolulu, America, with numerous incidental visits; seeing gold mines, ostrich farms, gum fields, coral islands, and even the bombardment of Samoa—Mrs. Boyd writes with such brightness, such vivacity and picturesqueness of style, that although the volume runs to close upon four hundred pages, there is not a dull page among them. The

"The gum-digger being a migratory animal, his home is usually a temporary erection, calculated to do little more than afford the owner shelter from storm."—*Our Stolen Summer.*

success of "Our Stolen Summer," however, is due as much to the artist as to the author, the praise must be equally divided. Mr. Boyd's sketches are spirited, clever, full of humour and sympathetic observation. Without a word of letterpress they would have formed an excellent travel-book; taken in conjunction with Mrs. Boyd's narrative they are irresistible. Every reader of this volume will find himself eager to go voyaging, only too anxious to take the advice with which the writer concludes—"Don't delay going until you are too old to enjoy travel. Go while you are yet young."

MRS. STEEL'S NEW NOVEL.*

In the core of every one of Mrs. Steel's stories—at least those concerned with India, and the few others hardly count—is a gem of pure romance, nay, of poetry. So thickly is it wrapped round with other circumstances, with carefully wrought detail, with the hum and rumour of life entirely alien to it, that one is nearly always in doubt whether the jewel is meant to be more than an accidental and unobtrusive ornament, or whether its existence is the motive of the complicated structure built round about it. The doubt is so strong after reading "Voices in the Night," that we give up all attempt to settle it; and own that we emphasise one particular character and set of incidents in accordance with our own personal predilections, rather than with any certainty of the writer's main purpose. But, at least, the story of John Ellison is worth calling attention to, and must remain in many memories as what gives distinction to the book. Not the John Ellison of heroic fame is this, but the after shape of a foundling born in Nushapore the day the hero died—loafer, sloucher, drunkard, sweet-voiced singer, *farceur*, quick-brained, good-hearted, purposeless rascal. Maybe, he has a sneaking belief that the natives are not all wrong when they guess him to be some kind of emanation from the hero, to whose grave he always comes back, claiming it as his own, when life has "done no sort of dooty by him," and, by a strange coincidence, when there are low, dark whispers of trouble and death in the air. In the end he does not rest in the hero's grave, but proves conclusively that the natives had an inkling of the truth when they gave fear and respect and no contempt to the reckless, drunken, out-at-elbows jester. His story takes up only a little portion of the book, but it shines through thick wrappings. So also does the tale of Mr. Chris Davenant, otherwise, and rightly, Krishn Davenund, pure-bred Brahmin, who has married an English wife in his zeal for progress, and in the course of time comes to know that she and the life she has led him into is vulgar and coarse, and that in spite of the attractions of Western enlightenment, the old ways were also true and very strong. Will is weaker in him than spiritual and mental insight, and he is enmeshed in the coil of the present. He, too, by a sudden heroism escapes from the coil. All the imagination, all the finer qualities of the book are concentrated on these two puppets of destiny, who yet show out so much grander than all the purposeful, capable, important, and powerful folk around them. Nearly all the rest, and it is a large portion of the story, is clever, practical, conscientious, and, save for its abundant sympathy, quite commonplace. Official life and bazaar life are depicted with an almost superfluity of knowledge. Sir George is a very conceivable person. Raymond, in spite of his misfortunes, is the conventional Englishman of fiction, cynic outside, hero within. Lesley Drummond is made after the particularly disagreeable pattern which Mrs. Steel insists is typical of British girls to-day. There is far too much detail; but Mrs. Steel probably could not write at all without excess in that direction, so it is useless to complain.

MRS. STEEL.

From Photo by Catherine Edmonds, 118, Westbourne Grove.

"On the Face of the Waters" had the popular advantage of being written round about events that have captivated the

* "Voices in the Night." By Flora Annie Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

popular imagination and sympathies. In "Voices in the Night" there are only rumours of revolt and of coming pestilence. But its undercurrent of trouble Anglo-Indians will think a reality worth describing and bringing home to the minds of us outsiders, whose ears are hard to pierce save by the din of huge and definite misfortunes. A. M.

MALLOCK'S LUCRETIUS.*

Mr. Mallock is a bold man. Struck, as many critics must be, by the similarity between Lucretius and Omar, he has given us the essence of the Lucretian philosophy in the quatrains of FitzGerald. In this daring experiment he has sacrificed the majesty and pomp of the Latin hexameter, and reduced the two poets, in his own phrase, to a "common literary denominator." The result will appeal to all who like philosophy expressed in a poetic form, and quite apart from the interest of the comparison has an independent poetic value of its own. Mr. Mallock's verse is always scholarly, and often rises to a very high level indeed. It is hardly fair perhaps to quote, but as a specimen we may give his version of the lines beginning—

"Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit."

"Him not the splintered lightnings, nor the roll
Of thunders daunted. Undismayed his soul
Rose, and outsoared the thunder, plumbed the abyss,
And scanned the wheeling worlds from pole to pole."

An appendix is added, giving the principal passages by which the poem is inspired, with a prose translation. The work is much more than a mere paraphrase, though the spirit of Lucretius is preserved throughout. There are many striking parallels to Omar, and many equally striking differences. The absence of the "drink and be merry" stanzas of the Persian tent-maker give the poem a gloomier tone. At best the philosophy is negative. Put shortly, it is that death ends all things, good and bad alike. That this is hardly a creed to appeal to many to-day, in no way detracts from the merit of Mr. Mallock's verse. Two small quarrels we have with him. The first is the freedom with which he uses his metre. He lets one stanza run on into the next, a thing which FitzGerald never does, and his third line is sometimes loose and heavy. The whole weight of the verse really falls on the unrhymed line, and to weaken it is to cripple the stanza. Our second complaint is against his use of several familiar biblical or Shakespearean phrases, which is defended on rather inadequate grounds in the preface. In any case the use of such a phrase as "Come unto me all ye that labour" seems an error of taste. However, these are only minor blemishes in a really notable work. A word of praise is due to the beautiful style in which the book is got up. The tasteful parchment binding and hand-made paper make it altogether a luxurious volume.

T. E. PAGE.

MR. MIVART'S POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.†

I do not find it easy to speak about this "simple tale," written by a man whom I knew intimately, and whose voice comes back to me as I glance at the discussions on first principles of which it is so full. Its author's end was tragic enough. Had he died twelve months earlier his praise would have been in all the churches; but he survived to tear in shreds the web of apologetics which he had been weaving for just upon thirty years, and his defection, rather than the reasons assigned for it, from Christian orthodoxy, will be remembered when his victories over certain of the Darwinian troops are forgotten. From such a man, certainly eminent in his own science and widely acquainted with its literature, we did not ask for a novel; but the autobiography of his mind would have had a lasting value.

Mr. Mivart talked brilliantly, speculated to any lengths, and was never afraid of consequences. He had been the friend and associate of Mr. Huxley in an almost juvenile period of unbelief. They quarrelled afterwards in public as well as in private, and never really forgave one another. But Mr. Mivart became a sincere, nay, an enthusiastic defender of the faith, and a staunch believer in the scholastic philosophy. His delight was in mediæval architecture; he looked upon the ritual of Catholicism as something unsurpassed and unsurpassable; nor did he ever cease to marvel at the great works accomplished by the men of the thirteenth century. All this seemed to him consistent with various odd and disquieting notions to which he would give now and then a form, if not grotesque, at any rate bizarre. His principles of Bible criticism carried him at last across the Roman boundaries; in their final expression they would probably be held incompatible with any church that set store by dogma; and, if we may judge from certain glimpses of what was going on inside, he had left behind him the ordinary forms of Theism, and was rapidly approaching a doctrine of the Unknowable not altogether foreign to Mr. Spencer. Any book which told us these things clearly would now be read with keen interest. But this unpretending story was composed ten years ago, when its author's views had not taken their definite shape, and I am bound to say that he not only combats Mr. Spencer by the arguments of his representative, Henry Standon—a sort of embodied conscience and the moral hero of the tale—but laughs at that good man's Unknowable.

It may be permitted me to remark, as an interesting item of bibliography, that "Castle and Manor" does not now appear for the first time. I possess it in three volumes, and with a pseudonym on the title-page. In this form it enjoyed no very large circulation; but the one volume now given to the world omits an episode of slight value and has been revised. Critics, I suppose, will agree that the plot is well-worn, and the handling rather conventional. It begins better than it ends—but of how many novels must we not say as much? Undoubtedly scores are circulated every season which hold within them less by a great deal of sense and experience than Mr. Mivart's reminiscences. For while the characters are imaginary the landscape is often real, the epigrams are smart, and in the conversations we hear a genuine, though not always an impressive, echo of what men and women of the world are saying. Bits of true talk will be remembered by those who caught them; and a satirical, yet scarcely an ill-natured eye has watched Professor Blarney holding up his glass of champagne in beatific vision, and Dr. Duke rolling forth melodiously the morning prayers in which, it is whispered, he does not believe. There is one character, Dr. Belton, cut short in his wickedness by the stiletto of an assassin, who might have been developed into a strong and moving part; but he is dropped suddenly just as we are beginning to observe him closely. The French girl—married to an elderly English husband—who learns what home-life in this country means of pure and noble, and is thereby transformed, comes nearest perhaps to the demands of interesting fiction. But, after all, it is the author, and not this particular instance of his alacrity and earnestness, that draws our attention while we read. We compare and contrast him with the men he opposed—Mr. Huxley or Mr. Romanes—and we feel that the tragedies of which faith or unfaith has been the keynote in our troubled century, eclipse all modern literature except the greatest.

WILLIAM BARRY.

FIRTH'S OLIVER CROMWELL.*

It is almost an impertinence for anyone to try to review such a book as this, written as it is by one who has made a life study of his subject, and who is the possessor of a succinct style which compels attention. But of it one can safely say that it supplies a very long felt want, and gives us a very clear view of the period and a most impartial summary of all that can be said on it. For the first time one can now congratulate oneself on having a text-book of the time, and an admirable one too. Within the limits of a small volume Mr. Firth has not been able to give many details, but all material facts are put before us in a very clear style—and the result is a book more interesting than most novels. It is of course still left for someone to write a personal history of the great Ironside, and to try to arrive at his motives through the microscope of personal and family matters. That Mr. Firth still leaves Cromwell's character as great a mystery as the authorship of Junius goes without saying, and he seems to have given up in despair the task of reconciling the hundred and one inconsistencies of his life. Possibly the ultimate result of research will be to show

* "Lucretius on Life and Death." By W. H. Mallock. 10s. (Black.)

† "Castle and Manor: a Tale of our Times." By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. (London: Sands and Co.)

* "Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England." By Charles Firth, M.A. 5s. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam.)

that Cromwell was a man who, finding himself vastly the superior in business ability to those in his neighbourhood, seized the chance of becoming a national personage at the right moment—probably rather from personal than public motives. That he was, except within limits, a patriot in the true sense of the word, seems unlikely, and certainly an analysis of fiscal records showing the amount of public cash absorbed by himself and his connections would not be pleasant reading for those who still consider him one. Of the death of Charles any impartial person must acquit Cromwell. There has been too much sentiment infused into the matter, and the hard facts set out so clearly here show the absolute necessity of his execution, if only as a matter of self-preservation. Royalist sympathisers are too apt to forget that *had* the King got the upper hand, a Bloody Assize, far crueller and wider than that was to come, would have been the result. It was all very well for the King when finally cornered to behave himself with dignity, and confining himself to generalities, go to his death in a way which commanded a world's sympathy, but he would have been just as firm in signing death warrants right and left had the engagement of 1647 come to anything. It speaks highly for author, editor, and printers to be able to say that I have been unable to detect a single error in fact or typography. Mr. Firth passes by the Squire letters with silent contempt, and dismisses the alleged royal descent of Cromwell with a bare line or two of correction.

WALTER RYE.

JEROME'S THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL.*

About ten years older, having tendencies to lumbago, gout, and so forth, but, for an obvious reason, scarcely less inclined for hard work than heretofore, the "Three Men" of the "Boat"

fame are to be met again in this volume. As before, they are discovered discussing a holiday, and the discussion and the holiday make the book. "What we want," said Harris, "is a change," just as ten years before Harris had remarked, "What we want is a rest." And from that first sentence we follow our old friends gladly through argument and adventure, discussion, and scenery. There is no need to compare the two books; the author does not, we believe, call the present volume a sequel; but he gives us a light, bright, laughable and entertaining narrative, with, for its human element, men whose natures, whose minds and moods, we plumbed—or think we plumbed—and grew intimate with, years ago. Gratitude is due to the author who cheers, and makes his readers smile; and Mr. Jerome has earned the gratitude of hundreds. "What is a Bummel?" George asks at the end of this pleasant volume; and a graceful explanation finishes the last paragraph. "We have been much interested" (for the truth's sake six words are here omitted), "on the whole we have had a pleasant time, and are sorry when 'tis over," the reply concludes. And what is true of a "Bummel" is true of this book.

* "Three Men on the Bummel." By Jerome K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

TWO BOOKS ON LADYSMITH.*

In the library of war literature now being published, Ladysmith promises to take up many shelves. Among all these siege diaries which bring home to us so vividly the nature of modern warfare, few will deserve a higher place than "Four Months Besieged." Mr. Pearse was correspondent of the *Daily News*, and had the good fortune to escape without fever. He is able to give an unbroken account of the siege, unpretentious, but accurate and admirably lucid. Without aiming at picturesque writing Mr. Pearse contrives to be absorbingly interesting. His very matter-of-factness is impressive. After a time the reader finds himself listening for the shriek of shells and watching for the smoke from imaginary Long Toms. What strikes us most in reading the book is the comparatively small number killed by shell fire. The moral effect, we can well imagine, is awful; but when it comes to a question of the butcher's bill, artillery at the range of six miles is a singularly expensive method of killing your enemy. In Mr. Pearse's plain, unvarnished narrative there are many tales of quiet heroism, told simply enough with little comment; and among others is one which we commend to Kipling's critics. The last words of a military servant, "I hope you got your breakfast all right, sir," are like an echo of the much criticised "'I 'ope you liked yer drink,' ses Gunga Din." As for Mr. Pearse's verdict on the army, his whole book is a tacit endorsement of a remark he quotes, made by a Boer officer, "We admit that the British soldiers are the best in the world, and your regimental officers the bravest, but—we rely on your generals."

To those, and they are many, who wish to realise what it means to be besieged, we can most heartily recommend Mr. Nevinson's book. His diary with its picturesque and vigorous style gives a most graphic sketch of Ladysmith during those terrible four months. Written from the standpoint of the mere civilian, the book gains in interest for the general reader what it perhaps loses for the military historian. The monotony and absence of news, the hunger and misery, boredom tempered by bombardment—these and all the other details of a siege are painted in the most vivid colours. It is a picture of heroism and patient endurance, but it has a darker side. True there must be black sheep everywhere. Yet it is distressing to read of the pilfered hospital dainties and the scandals of the Intombi camp. These dark spots are thrown into relief by the general brightness of the picture, but they are none the less regretable. Like Mr. Pearse the author has nothing but praise for the troops, especially for the Imperial Light Horse. Ready enough to admit the valour of the Boers, he is a little less fair in dealing with the firing on the hospitals, a fault easily pardonable in a diarist writing in the heat of the moment. The book is illustrated by some excellent photographs, of which there might with advantage have been more. There is also a good map and an interesting appendix on rations during the

* "Four Months Besieged." By H. H. S. Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan.)
"Ladysmith." By H. W. Nevinson. 6s. (Methuen.)

siege. Mr. Nevinson's style is bright and racy; though he can be pathetic at times, as in the touching account of Steevens' death. His story of his visit to his tailor is worth quoting: "Thirty-eight, thirty-four," said the little Scot, measuring. "There's the Dutch church gone. Forty-two, sixteen. There's the bank. Just hold the tape, mon, while I go and look. Oh, it's only the Town Hall."

NOVEL NOTES.

BEQUEATHED. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

We have learned to know that Miss Whitby will not disappoint us; that she will always prove entertaining, and satisfactory, and thorough. She does not overtax our credulity by picturing for us passionate and uncommon men and women; she does not injure our hearts by flurrying us with wild scenes and chaotic moods; her characters are, as a rule, persons we may put a finger upon among our own acquaintance; but Miss Whitby has a story to tell about them, and she tells it with a freshness, a simplicity, and a finish which are admirable. This is—to use the title of one of her own volumes—"a matter of skill"; it is the sign that an artist is behind the persons presented, and neither detail nor whole is ever allowed to bore. The hero and heroine of "Bequeathed"—Richard Tempest and Letice Wykeham—are lovable and always interesting; but it is to the heroine's father, Gilbert Wykeham, and her grandmother, "Madam," that we give our highest praise; there is a subtle strength about the handling of both these characters which is very impressive. We knew before that Miss Whitby was clever at picturing old ladies, but she has not often done better than with "Madam"; while the young father, passing from wild grief to quieter chafing after the death of Letice's mother, so on to acquiescence and pathetic indifference after his second marriage, is drawn with intellect and knowledge. Lovers of "Mary Fenwick" must read "Bequeathed." Miss Whitby does not give us books so often that we can afford to miss one.

MISS BEATRICE WHITBY (MRS. HICKS).

PAUL THE OPTIMIST. By W. P. Dothie. 6s. (Long.)

Perhaps Mr. Dothie's romantic intentions and his temperament are at variance. Nothing could be homelier than the atmosphere of his story or the texture of his style, yet his hero's career is a long string of adventures amid wonderfully rapid changes of scene. He is orphaned, stripped of worldly gear, driven hither and thither, imprisoned, assaulted, tricked, while the usual sentimental happenings are not omitted; and yet he always turns up cheerful and smiling and worthy, and just a little dull, at the end of every chapter of accidents. We should be more interested in him if we had ever been anxious about him; but we early read the villains' fate of failure, and Paul had from the beginning the makings in him of comfortable prosperity. Yet his story is among the readable books of recent fiction.

ADA VERNHAM, ACTRESS. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Long.)

To an outsider, at least, Mr. Marsh seems to know all about the stage, to be on most intimate terms with the "profession." Probably it is not in mere theatrical slang and routine that he is knowing. We are willing to believe that he writes from actual experience with the accuracy of a photographer. But it is a truism not yet too trite that a knowledge of actual facts cannot in itself ensure an effect of reality; and however correct may be the report in the pages of Mr. Marsh's story of theatrical life, "Ada Vernham" is a nightmare. There is not one convincing page in it. The shadow of an unfortunate woman flits by, and we never catch her likeness. The tale of her miseries seems not inevitable, and her salvation at the end seems highly improbable. No sense of reality comes to rouse our pity, and hence we do not readily condone the sordidness of the events and the circumstance.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)

There is an aroma of fairy-tale romance, a flavour of elegance, a fringe of daintiness about this, we believe, Mr. Harland's first long story, that will win many admirers for it. It owes a great deal to its Italian setting, to the soft far Italian sky that canopies his scenes, to the suggestive echo of Italian charm, both rustic and courtly. Many a shrewd reader may never discover that it is in reality a rather poor story; only the sour uncomfortable critic will point out to Mr. Harland that a little more backbone is wanted in his longer efforts. The book is full of improbabilities. Italian Cardinals are not eager to receive young English novelists as members of their families; even a possible conversion would hardly tempt them. And that the Duchess-heroine misunderstood the so minutely described object of the hero's affections is entirely out of the question. Neither do the improbabilities add to the romance. Indeed, the story is under the surface a rather smug one. Its amusingness comes rather from fooling than from wit. The rare serious portions are distinctly trite. And a literary man never makes a good hero. Thus, we do not spare a book that has pleasantly filled up an hour or two's leisure. Yet, we repeat, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" will be pronounced charming, and will, for its external graces, its light geniality of tone, its air of outer distinction, earn such praise. We appreciate to the full Mr. Harland's special gifts; and if these would be imperilled by an effort after something sounder and sturdier at the core of his fiction, we are willing to waive the substance for his particularly delightful shadows.

A LADY OF THE REGENCY. By Mrs. Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Before one has read far into "A Lady of the Regency" one is convinced on two points. The first is that one has met with a remarkable novel, the second that the author is a genuinely literary woman and a true artist. Mrs. Stepney Rawson has taken for her theme the years of the Regency from 1800 to 1820. A large one, but not too large for her powers, for she handles it skilfully, and with the touch of a master. Throughout one is impressed by her knowledge and grip of her subject—yet nowhere is it laboured or overburdened with the weight of that knowledge—her great skill, and the care she has bestowed on this, her first book. Not once does Mrs. Rawson disappoint her reader at a critical moment, not once does she fail with a character or a scene. Very fine indeed is that one in the garden where June Cherier meets that brilliantly drawn gentleman, the Prince Regent, and pleads with him for his wife, only to find—— Equally fine are those delicately pathetic scenes between Princess Caroline and that good fellow Stephen Heseltine, after he knows the princess's secret, and she nearly drops the veil she has so long kept closely drawn. But finest of all, perhaps, is that of the Coronation, where the Queen makes her piteously futile effort to enter Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Rawson has drawn notably fine portraits of the Prince Regent and the grim Queen Charlotte, and a charming one of poor little Princess Charlotte. To poor, blundering, good-hearted Princess Caroline, while never losing sight of the terrible pathos of that unfortunate lady's story, she gives a dignity which is often denied her. The "lady" of the title, the heroine of the story, is June Cherier, and a perfectly delightful lady she is. From her quiet home in Yorkshire she comes, after the ruin of her father, to London, where she soon becomes attached to the Court, and finds herself in the midst of a maze of intrigue. The story of June and her share in these intrigues makes extremely interesting reading, but this is not a tale of intrigue only. There is the pretty love story of June Cherier and her boy husband, and it is in certain of the scenes between these lovers that we find some of Mrs. Rawson's strongest and most delicate work.

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.
From Photo by Kate Pragnell, 164, Sloane Street.

THE SPENDTHRIFT. By Francis Dodsworth. 6s. (Richards.)

"The Spendthrift" is a vigorous bit of work. The material is ably put together, and the characterisation is within its limits shrewd and terse. The writer's first-hand knowledge or close study of the Turf will also be counted to his merits at an hour when story-tellers are encouraged to be specialists. Yet we seriously doubt if the book was worth writing. Even as an awful warning, as a solemn moral lesson, it can hardly reconcile us to its sordidness. It is a much cherished belief that every man's life, if it be honestly told, is worth telling; but it is not the truth. Such a story as this is profitless and without interest. There is no relief to the dreary commonplace of an existence like Devan's. He is without heart, without intelligence, without any stirrings in his being, save the obstinate desire of gain, the obstinate resignation to loss inspired by the billiard-room, the card-table, and the turf. There is no tragedy in his life, which in its miserable end was a paltry fulfilment of its possibilities. Fatigue rather than regret killed him at the last. Some flitting, generous impulses in a woman, some kindly ministrations of a servant, there are. But the woman and the servant are only shadows, and rouse but faint instincts of sympathy in us. Even the least Pharisaical may turn away with a weary expression of gratitude for their unlikeness to this mere betting and gambling machine.

JUGGLING FORTUNE. By T. W. Speight. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

There are two distinct stories here, linked by no substantial tie. Neither one nor the other is wildly exciting, but both contain characters very shrewdly and sometimes amusingly conceived. Just when we were beginning to find the book drag from mere purposelessness we found an interest which kept us going to the end. This is in the story of the penniless young aristocrat who turned painter, who discovered after he had burdened himself with a wife that he had no talent for the arts, but who made a brilliant after-career for himself, when he joined his plebeian father-in-law in the manufacture of pork-rolls.

NUDE SOULS. By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We have reproached Mr. Benjamin Swift for his love of horrors, for his harping on the morbid strings in human nature; but therein we have surely made a mistake. Some essays of his, in a rather more conventionally cheerful style, have convinced us that to do himself justice he must have liberty to walk in uncanny ways. He asserts this liberty rather fiercely in his new book. The writers and the readers of sentimental fiction—that is, of the amiable, daylight, commonplace order—he refers to again and again with scathing contempt. He will speak of humanity as he knows it. Humanity he compares to a tree, with its roots in the earth and its head soaring in the air. Some, who are not mere sentimentalists, always think of the over-ground portion. He never lets you forget the roots in the cold, clammy earth where the worms are—nay, he is persistently reminding you of the underside of all fair things, and forcing you to recognise such villains as Reubell and Nicolay as men, not devils. Yet his idealism is a little more to the fore than it has been in some of his recent books; and we catch with gladness some of that lyric quality which had almost disappeared since "Nancy Noon." In the midst of tales of sordid wickedness or despairing fortunes it is good to come suddenly on this. "And Harold was in those roomy years of youth which are like great, gorgeous gardens, limitless, infinite, heaped!

"O sweet o' the year! *I* knew the sun, I knew his glory on an upland and in the valleys. I knew where his feet dropped gold and his footprints were fine gold. And I followed rivers to their sources, where they came pouring out of the lap of the mysterious Earth Mother. Ah, but are these spread lightnings and firmaments of youth, this kingdom and victory of light, already vanished? Ah, but is the gate already shut to—gate of 'the magic and forgotten gardens of youth!'"

Mr. Swift has followed in the steps of Maeterlinck and of D'Annunzio in applying an unconventional psychology to the condition of the blind. Harriet the blind girl is conceived with real force of imagination; and if her end be melodrama, it is most effective melodrama.

BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART, and other Stories. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

The title story is the best of the three African tales in Mr. Rider Haggard's new volume, and, indeed, nothing so spirited has appeared in any of his recent books. "Elissa" is a laboriously ingenious attempt to reconstruct ancient Phœnician life in Rhodesia; and "The Wizard" is a memorable testimony to the power of missions. But "Black Heart and White Heart" will be more to the liking of the ordinary reader. Never has the writer conceived so delicate, so idyllic a being as Nanea, and her well-nigh miraculous escape from the death to which the English villain drove her, is one of those surprises that leave a reader comfortable and satisfied after he has had his fill of melodrama.

TO THE HEALING OF THE SEA. By F. H. Hardy. 6s. (Smith' Elder.)

As a sketch of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Hardy's book is brilliant; as a novel it is rather a failure. The financial part, in spite of its technicalities, is thrilling enough for the most jaded reader. But when we return to the nominal hero and the comic Irishman, we are on a lower level altogether. The book is typically American, alike in its feverish brilliance and its crude humour. But its chief weakness lies in the character of the hero. He is so colourless and stiff that we cannot understand, or sympathise with, the efforts made to retrieve his position. He is the last man in the world who deserves to have his solvency restored at the cost of throwing twenty thousand men out of work, breaking several banks, and driving a leading financier to suicide. Of the technique of novel-writing Mr. Hardy has much to learn; but he has real descriptive power and has given us a lurid picture of American finance, which is not easy to forget. Only—a word of warning—in writing for English readers he will do well to suppress that comic Irishman.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE SPLENDID CREST. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 6s. (Blackwood.)

In the midst of this very painstaking attempt to present the life of English and Scots in the early part of the fourteenth century, there are some bright pages that stir one's fancy with their sense of romance and chivalry. But alas, they are separated by large blocks of matter, worthily and substantially dull. Perhaps the patience and the appetite of young persons in their teens are wanted for its full enjoyment, but these more enthusiastic readers would be quite unable to appreciate the really astonishing amount of detail which Sir Herbert has been at pains to provide for our instruction. He has certainly gone to out-of-the-way sources to gather his material, yet the effect is, nevertheless, altogether conventional. Marmion Lord de Fontenaye and the Lily of Kendal are minutely but not individually described, and such pages of history as the account of Bannockburn, though well compiled, contain no reflection of a personal vision. Such books give one a melancholy sense of waste, being, with all their careful work, neither very good history nor good fiction. Something, however, of the writer's genuine interest in an old forgotten world may pass from him even to his least susceptible readers.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE STRUWWELPETER ALPHABET. By Harold Begbie. Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

In his light and pleasant way, with humour, good-humour, and skill, with never a trace of bitterness or a suspicion of malice, Mr. F. Carruthers Gould has for some time been depicting history for us. To spend a few hours looking over a few years' cartoons drawn by him, is, in those few hours, to grasp the main points of the political history of those years. In "The Struwwelpeter Alphabet" something of the same history is given. From the first page to "All Z—and Done" some of the chief makers of modern history are depicted in scenes which show their weakness and their strength, and, above all, their funniness. Undoubtedly in this volume the author (in

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JULY, 1900.

the strictest sense of the word) is the illustrator, or rather the illustrator is the author. Mr. Begbie has not done for "F. C. G." all that "F. C. G." has done for history. Here and there we find a felicitous phrase, but on the whole the verses are amateurish and ineffective.

CHARLEMAGNE. By H. W. Carless Davis. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam.)

Dr. Hodgkin, who did Theodoric for this series, did Charlemagne for the "Foreign Statesmen," so Mr. Davis is by no fault of his own somewhat forestalled. However, two books are better than one on a really great subject, and none is greater or more fascinating than the life of the greatest of all the barbarians. For Karl was always the "noble savage" at heart, and therein lies his charm. Mr. Davis might have brought out this view more prominently. True, Charlemagne owed much to Neustrian, we may as well say, Gallo-Roman influences, but in person, disposition, thought and action he was a reversion not only to the first Austrasian mayors, but to the primitive Teuton Rex and Dux. And this wonderful man adopts and remoulds the institutions which civilisation had let die, vitalises them with barbarian principles — with justice, sincerity, and freedom. He is the central figure of the history of imperial government; from him we trace it upward to Augustus and Alexander, and downward to Frederic and Napoleon, and more justly to William, to Victoria, to McKinley—indeed, to every ruler and state which preserves the political traditions of Greece and Rome and applies them in accordance with the Teuton spirit. Mr. Davis thinks that in ideas Charles was the equal of Julius, of Augustus, and of Napoleon, but in political ability and foresight vastly inferior. It may be so; and certainly his remarks on the deficiencies of the much-praised cartularies are convincing. From his clearly written and skilful book the reader may gather a sufficient view of the history and institutions of the period. Less space than usual is wasted on the petty Italian and Papal affairs—for as a rule these Popes loom much more largely in our books than they did in the eyes of their contemporaries. But many readers will be disappointed to find so little that is personal and intimate about the great Kaiser. That is not the fault of Mr. Davis. He might have guessed and invented, and evolved a fancy Charlemagne, and brought us into touch with it, by picturesque writing. But that would be romance, not history. For there is a sad dearth of contemporary authorities. The Monk of St. Gall cannot be trusted, nor yet Eginhard, though Mr. Davis says all he can for him. Most of the anecdotes current to-day about Charles he wisely rejects as of too late origin. If only Charlemagne had written his own memoirs, what document could have been more precious! As it is, the most significant biographical materials lie in the cartularies. They show us the kind of daily business he did, and the attitude in which he approached it. From these heterogeneous "judgments of Solomon" we can to some extent get at the man and his work. But we want to get very much nearer than we can ever hope to do. Most of the illustrations are good enough for their purpose, and add much to the interest of the book. But there should have been an interior as well as exterior view of the Chapel of Aachen, and a very much fuller account of it and its Carling relics. And is it certain that no part of the present dome, not even the lower walls or bases of columns, are of Charlemagne's building?

VILLAGE NOTES, and Some Other Papers. By Pamela Tennant. Illustrated. (Heinemann.)

The imaginative and the literary faculties have done nothing at all in retouching these "Village Notes." They are written with extreme simplicity, with an obvious truthfulness which has often resisted the temptation of making a rather good story into an excellent one, and with a rare sympathy for humble folk. Mrs. Tennant has a quick eye to observe, a sense of humour, and no habit of moralising; and her Wiltshire folks are often good company. An old man, condoled with for the death of his wife, said "Yes, it's lonely for the one 'at's left. We bin many years together, many years, and taken the good and the bad wi' 'em." Then, in a voice of mournful reminiscence, "But I only married her out of pike." This is not a solitary instance of such quaint philosophic honesty. But the simplicity of Mrs. Tennant's methods would soon pall; and we confess it was with pleasure we reached and lingered over the more literary, the really poetical sketch called "At the House." The most popular section of the little book is likely to be the chapters that deal with rural Christmas rites and carols.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1900.

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DAUBNEY, W. H., B.D.—The Use of The Apocrypha in the Christian Church, 3/- .....Camb. Univ. Press

FRY, Rev. L. G., M.A.—Archidiaconal Functions, 6d.....Elliot Stock

[*Mr. Fry here pleads for a revival of the Archidiaconal system of finance, in order to secure a living wage for the clergy. It is worthy of consideration.*]

LINDSAY, T. M., D.D.—Luther and the German Reformation, 3/- T. and T. Clark

RUTHERFORD, W. G.—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 3/6 net Macmillan

[*Mr. Rutherford, who grieves over the evil wrought and the obscurity engendered by the turning of Bible sentences into numbered paragraphs, dividing its pages into narrow vertical columns, and other matters, here gives us a new translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with a brief analysis; and strives honestly to make again this once "plain letter" a letter which plain men may understand.*]

The Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., vol. ii., 28/- .....Hodder

TUKER, M. A. R., and MALLESON, H.—Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, illus., 10/6 .....A. and C. Black

[*This volume contains Part III., "Monasticism in Rome," and Part IV., "Ecclesiastical Rome." It is written with much brightness, considering the breadth of the subject, and is full of information, much of which is inaccessible to ordinary travellers or readers.*]

WORKMAN, H. B., M.A.—The Church of the West in the Middle Ages, 2 vols., edited by Rev. A. E. Gregory, 2/6 each ..... Kelly

[*Taken together, the se two volumes form an admirable and wide-minded history of the period of which Mr. Workman has treated, —a "ganglionic" period—from Gregory the Great to the death of Clement V.*]

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FICTION.

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Life of Ole Bull.
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